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CENSORED: POLICE

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POLICE NAUSEATED: PUNK ROCK BAND ROB BANK, RAPE TELLER, THEN FREEZE HER TO DEATH!

SHE WAS FORCED TO BE THE DON'S SLAVE

CENSORED

DRUG-DEALING MOTORCYCLE GANG KEEPS FEMALE SLAVE

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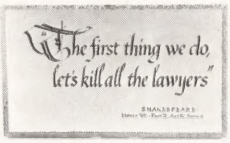

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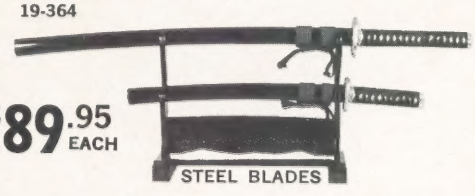
19-364



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19-372

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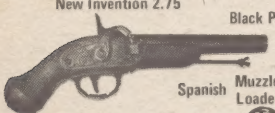

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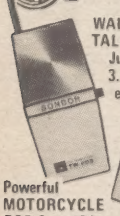

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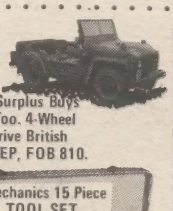

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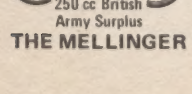

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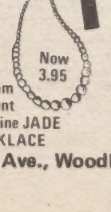

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"First month's sales in new shop $5000.00. Importing Pewter and Crystal – Norway, Jewelry – Austria, Florentine Wares – Italy, Paintings – Germany." *Louis Ryan, MO*

TRUCK DRIVER TURNS WORLD TRADER
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"First two days sold 28 beaded sweaters, 15 perfume orders, 8 jewelry orders. Profit $389.70." *Theodore Welds, Oregon*

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"Since becoming an International Trader, I have gained 3 wheel chairs, a new wooden leg, 1000 friends, 3 Mercury station wagons and a five figure bank account. My biggest one day's sale is $3640.00 to one company. I sell from home by letter and phone." *Elbert Hale, IL*

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"Sold 29 variety stores watches. Refill every week. Mellinger offers the best for he is the best." *Joey Lichtman, Canada*

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"Then Mellinger Plan brought me sales $2000.00 first month, $25,000.00 first year. Biggest day's sale $900.00. I give Mellinger all credit for my success." *Russell T. Carter, VA*

I can't promise everyone to do as well. But if you are able and willing to work, I'll help you go after your own fine profits. **Brainerd L. Mellinger**

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MOBS AND GANGS

JUNE 1978 VOL. 2 NO. 3

IT SERVES THEM RIGHT 6

COSA NOSTRA SADO-SLUT SNUFFED OUT 8

SEX RAMPAGE OF THE CYCLE-FREAKS 14

MAFIOSO TORTURE-SQUAD MAIMS SQUEALERS 22

VIGILANTE GANG-BANGERS DRENCH THE SOUTH IN A FLOOD OF BLOOD AND LUST 30

MURDER ON ICE: PUNK-ROCKERS ROB BANK, RAPE TELLER 36

THE BOSS WAS SENTENCED TO DEATH 42

WITH ENOUGH SEX AND BOOZE, HOODS WILL TELL ME EVERYTHING 49

A MAFIA DON SAYS: Look For Wholesale Slaughter in the New Coke War! 54

MOMMY'S DEAD IN THE TUB 60

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How to make others secretly DO YOUR BIDDING with the astonishing power of AUTOMATIC MIND COMMAND!

Here's how to get started in just 3 minutes . . .

Dear Friend:

New power is about to leap into your life . . . an astonishing way to control the thoughts and actions of others without their knowing it . . . no matter how much they may *not* want to follow your instructions, they carry them out to a "T" every time!

With "Automatic Mind-Command" you'll be running the show. Make a wish, turn on The Power, and watch those around you drop everything and do what they're told.

And nobody will even have the faintest idea that you're behind it all. That's the beauty of "Automatic Mind-Command"—you are the only one who knows what's going on—*you* alone decide when things should start . . . stop . . . change around.

CONTROL YOUR FRIENDS OR STRANGERS!

You can use it to control your friends or strangers, one at a time or in large numbers, at any time, and ANY WAY YOU LIKE.

For example: You go into a bank for a loan. The credit man smiles but says "Sorry. You don't qualify for a loan right now: however, if there's anything else I can do for you, I'd be glad to . . ." Then in a flash, his tune changes when you let loose your "Automatic Mind-Command." He continues, "In fact, we'll be glad to give you $1,000 more than you asked for. And any time you want more, just see me personally! Thank you so much for coming by!"

Impossible? You'll be doing things like that every day without even thinking about it. As soon as you need something done, *it's done!* The people who do these things for you will remember what they did, but not *why!*

FUN POWER—TOO!

You can have a lot of fun with this power, too. Look how Evelyn C. used it at work . . . One day, while sorting papers, her boss angrily inquired why she had to make so much noise—and scolded her in front of everybody. Evelyn said nothing, but smiled to herself—for she had just turned on the "Automatic Mind-Command . . ." Suddenly the boss apologized for being a scoundrel. "Please . . . I'm sorry," he said, in front of everybody. "I'd like to make it up to you!" And he told her what a wonderful person she was! When Evelyn turned the power off, the boss just stood there with an open mouth, wondering what made him say all those things.

Think what this power can mean in your life. You need money . . . and it's there! You want some affection . . . you'll be smothered! You want peace and quiet . . . the world stands still!

NO MORE SECRETS WILL BE KEPT FROM YOU!

People who think they can hold back the facts will meet their master in you! You just fire a little "Automatic Mind-Command" at them, and they'll sing like meadowlarks . . . Nona J. was at her wits' end when she tried to find the money she'd put aside to pay the rent—it was gone. A frantic search through the house turned up nothing. There was only one possibility left . . . she asked Billy. A look of surprise crossed his face. No—he hadn't seen any money. But Nona didn't believe him, and started using "Automatic Mind-Command" to find out if he was telling the truth. Suddenly Billy reached into his pocket and took out a roll of money. After giving her the money, he acted as if nothing had happened!

Think how many secrets must be hidden all around you! Things your spouse won't tell . . . your neighbors won't say . . . your boss keeps quiet about . . . ALL BROUGHT INTO THE OPEN JUST FOR YOU!! They'll tell you all their secrets, but they won't know why.

Hold on now, because I haven't told you yet about the best part of "Automatic Mind-Command."

You may have to bolt your door to keep people from overwhelming you with love, gifts, favors, rewards! Perfect strangers will be walking up to you and asking, "How are you? Can I do anything for you?" They will never suspect that "Automatic Mind-Command" is impelling them to like you, please you . . . and automatically want to help you.

INSTANTLY YOUR LIFE IS CHANGED!

At first, I couldn't believe it. And yet I know this to be true from my own personal experience . . . time after time. For example . . .

A STRANGER HANDS HIM $500—Harry G., a low-paid factory worker, wanted to start a business of his own. All he needed was cash to get started, but no one would give him the money. Finally someone told him how to use "Automatic Mind-Command"—and Harry laughingly tried it. A short time later, a perfect stranger handed him $500—saying he'd heard about Harry's plan, and was eager to help him get started!

Unusual? Not at all . . . things happen every day with "Automatic Mind-Command."

RECEIVES NEEDED CASH QUICKLY!—Mrs. Thelma J. reports, "I needed money badly." Her husband hadn't worked in months, and their savings were running out. Then she discovered "Automatic Mind-Command"—and turned on the power immediately! The next morning she received a package containing several hundred dollars from friends and well-wishers she never knew existed!

In all history, few indeed are the ones who have recognized "Automatic Mind-Command." The rest, who do not use it, pay the penalty in suffering, wishing, hoping, dreaming . . . Now I say to you: Wish no more!

HOW TO GET STARTED IN JUST 3 MINUTES!

Minute #1—Fill out the No-Risk Coupon and mail it to us.

Minute #2—When you receive a package in the mail from us, open it.

Minute #3—Lift the front cover, and let the secret feed itself in to your mind automatically.

After that, sit back, relax—and see how this power can work for you. It's as simple as that! It won't cost you one penny unless it works!

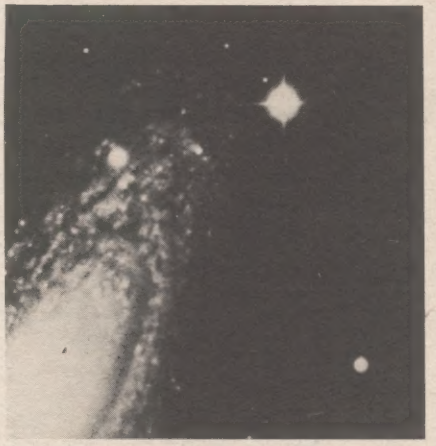
IN THAT INSTANT, YOU WILL ALREADY BE ABLE TO USE "AUTOMATIC MIND-COMMAND" FOR THE FIRST TIME . . . for money, love, healing, protection, and much more!

Imagine the thrill—after a lifetime of "scrimping" and "penny-pinching"—to see a tidal wave of riches rolling into your life from every direction—pay raises, bonuses, gifts, legacies . . . a rising tide of good fortune!

MORE AMAZING CASE HISTORIES!

And it's all just *minutes* away!

Larry S. wanted to see his girlfriend—although he had no idea where she was—and no way of contacting her by letter or phone. From far away . . . he began using "Automatic Mind-Command!" In that instant, his girlfriend knew what she had to do. She dropped what she was doing, excused herself and hurried to visit him. Arriving in record time—she hugged and kissed him, explaining that "something" told her he wanted and needed her, and what could she do for him!



Now here's a most fantastic use of "Automatic Mind-Command"—one I'm sure you'll agree proves that here is a power which staggers the imagination!

For example, cases of health-symptoms relieved with "Automatic Mind-Command!" John C. reports that his hearing now seems normal again! Warren W.'s blurred eyesight cleared, sharpened, and now seems normal! Lydia E. says her arthritic symptoms of soreness and stiffness in the fingers were relieved when nothing else seemed to help, and Mrs. M. S. was surprised when her leg pain disappeared. Bella S., who complained of "ulcerative colitis" with stomach cramps and diarrhea, obtained fast relief . . . And others report relief from complaints of high blood pressure, heart symptoms, "migraine" headaches, weakness, dizziness, fatigue, and more.

It's simple, easy, and automatic to apply!

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So you see, life can be beautiful with "Automatic Mind-Command." To discover its amazing power let it put you on the road to a NEW LIFE . . . filled to the brim with riches, love, pleasure and all the wonderful luxuries of the world . . . and more! You owe it to yourself to try it! Why not send in the No-Risk Coupon—TODAY!

Sincerely yours,

Scott Reed

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Scott Reed is one of the nation's leading mind-power experts. Presently engaged as a writer on developments in the behavioral sciences, his revelations about the unseen world of the mind have been read by millions. A graduate of the City University of New York, his own life is living proof of "Automatic Mind-Command."

A Master Researcher, Metaphysician, and Psychic Advisor, he has helped countless men and women find true happiness. He has the rare ability of writing clearly and simply so that even the most profound Truths can be plainly understood by anyone.

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IT SERVES THEM RIGHT

Santiago, Chile—Ramon Mercado, executed for breaking into a zoo and murdering the chimpanzees. ▶

San Salvadore—Carlos Vallaquez (far right) faces the firing squad for cutting off the breasts of nuns in a convent.

Basque village — Maurice Legrand abducted and hanged by French vigilantes for bottling urine and selling it aschampagn

Fez, Moroco—Abdul Agadi, whipped to death after raping several young girls in an orphanage. ▼

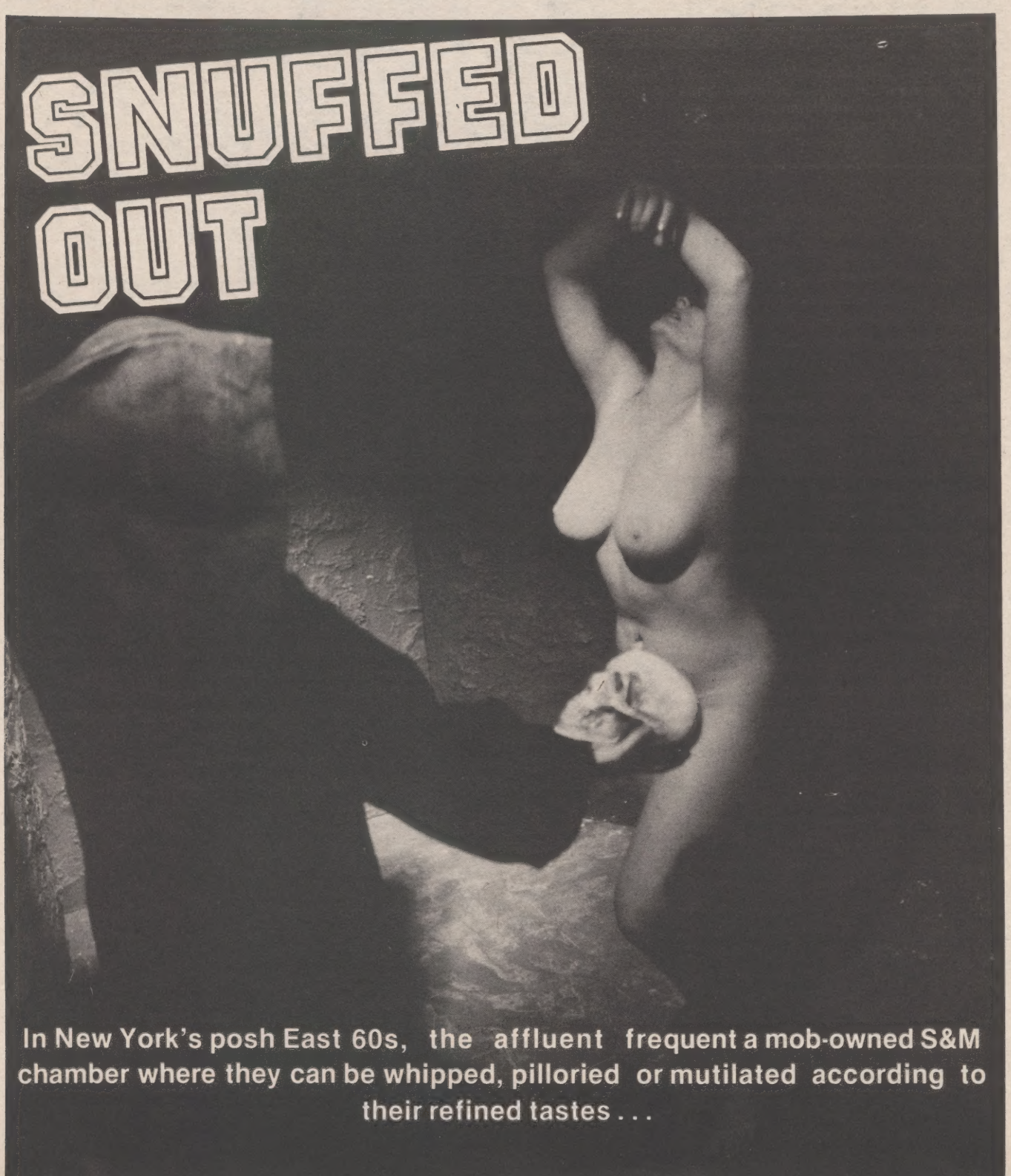
▲ *Chicago, Illinois*—Hector Washington tried to escape from the scene of a rape/murder, ignoring policemen who said, "Stop or I'll shoot."

■ The editors of **MOBS AND THEIR GANGS** are aware of a worldwide upsurge in the incidence of violent crimes. Police departments simply do not have the personnel to keep up with the escalating crime rates. Nor are the prison systems on the planet Earth sufficient to incarcerate the hundreds of thousands of lawless perpetrators of bloody violence who run roughshod over the universal human rights to peace and tranquility.

Public resentment is mounting, however. Around the globe, people are reacting with a resurgence of the old penal philosophy, "an eye for an eye." Disgusted victims of violent crimes and their families, quite frankly, are beginning to take the law into their own hands. While it is our policy to deplore vigilante law, we present this rogue's gallery in the hope of discouraging those who believe that their violent crimes will always go unpunished. ●

COSA NOSTRA SADO SLUT

By Milton Bly



In New York's posh East 60s, the affluent frequent a mob-owned S&M chamber where they can be whipped, pilloried or mutilated according to their refined tastes . . .

■ The long braided leather snake hissed as it slashed its way through the air, ending in the unmistakable sound of flesh being struck and broken.

A gasp of pain . . . mixed with pleasure . . . whispered from the lips of a form, hunched over a table, its hands bound in front.

"Again, please . . . again," said the form.

With that the long coiling whip was drawn back and with a flick of the wrist it snaked forward again, striking him on the back. Blood oozed from the welt it raised and from the dozen other red swelling lines across his back.

The tormentor, a beautiful woman dressed in leather straps, leather boots and a leather belt, stood there with the looped whip in front of her. Her breasts were bared through the criss-cross of the straps and her cunt was just visible behind the whip.

Her victim, kneeling now in a puddle of sticky white sauce that had flowed with the final whip stroke, dropped across the table over which he had been supporting himself, spent, tired and satisfied.

◀ **Many present-day johns are wealthier than their forebears and are willing to pay big bucks for exotic settings for their sado-sexual escapades.**

Placing the whip on a rack behind her, she reached over and began to slowly remove the thongs from around his wrists.

Standing slowly to regain his balance, the victim looked up at her and a smile broke out over his face. He took a towel and gently drew it over his back, wiping away the blood. Once the bleeding had stopped, he pulled a shirt on and then dressed.

As he walked out of the chamber he spotted his tormentor, high black boots peeking out from under the floor-length robe she had put on. He drew two large denomination bills from his wallet, handed them to her and walked out of the door.

She went by the name Mara. Her elegant brutality had been acquired only in the last two years. She had been "discovered" in the Silver Spangled Slipper, a sleazy "rap parlor" on a side street in the Times Square prostitution district, by Jo-Jo (the Scum) Marasso. An important figure in the Lucio Vitiello Crime Family, Jo-Jo had come to survey this parlor and estimate whether the mob's 60 percent of the take was in fact being handed in without excessive skimming. The

▲ **Jo-Jo (the Scum) Marasso, a kingpin of the Lucio Vitiello crime family, met Mara Larrive in a sleazy rap parlor called the Silver-Spangled Slipper.**

The mob directors of The Minnesota Strip react quickly to provide an ever-increasing number of johns with the latest in sado-masochism. ▼

Silver Spangled Slipper, raunchily nicknamed "The Cum Bagel" by its regular patrons, had just reopened with a new madam and new girls.

Jo-Jo knew as soon as he saw Mara that he would sample her wares. There was something brutal about her animal energies, and after he had climaxed in the panting lynx, he pulled her head back by her long blonde hair and slapped her face with a resounding SWACK. Blood trickled from the corners of her frosted pink lips as the face broke into a sensuous half-leer, half-smile.

At that moment, Jo-Jo visualized her in the new setting he had been furnishing with painstaking attention to detail on the third floor of a townhouse in New York's posh East 60s. The chamber had been carefully designed to provide for any perverse pleasure. Torture devices that would have made a medieval pain master wince with envy, hung from dozens of pegs neatly placed on the walls around the room. Within the span of a step, the tormentor could easily have changed devices a half dozen times.

She was bright—it only took her an hour to learn what was expected of her. Dollar signs lit up her large purple eyes as she surveyed the exotic torture studio. Her clients, under code names, were provided by the mob and invariably were members of the political, social and business superstructure. Jo-Jo was their contact and guaranteed them total discretion. The mighty need not fear that their deep dark secrets would ever come out to embarrass them. No politician ever had to worry that an opponent would find out and use the information against him.

For two years, Jo-Jo had very cautiously nurtured this reputation of discretion. As time passed, the word had spread, as it does in these circles, and now Mara had more clients than she could whip in a week. The money from her operation was skyrocketing. Overhead was low with just one girl to feed. A thousand dollars or more was accrued from each trick and there was no end in sight. Already, Jo-Jo was searching for other girls

to set up in similar circumstances throughout the major cities of the U.S. The potential income from these projected operations went well into the millions.

Unfortunately, good things don't last. A new district attorney had suddenly taken office after the death of his predecessor. Now, in response to the escalating pressures of civic and religious groups, he had ordered an intensified crack-down on organized crime in the city. Indeed, this must have been perceived as an urgent matter by the mob. Lucio (the Undertaker) Vitiello, himself, had ordered a mob counter-offensive. Everyone with mob ties who was even remotely connected with the political clubhouse of the new D.A. felt the heat.

"Jo-Jo," said Lucio, seated on a plush couch in his $500,000 mansion in Scarsdale, "You getta me Mara's films. We gonna have a screening. I'm-a-gonna show these-a movies to these-a pervs and they gonna shut-a they mouths."

What Mara's exclusive clientele did not know was that behind a small carved wooden panel, there was an 8 mm movie camera and a tape recorder. Every thrilling detail of their exotic S&M encounters was being filmed in living color, and every lustful groan was being recorded in stereophonic sound.

"Lucio," said Jo-Jo, "You gonna ruin-a whole-a operation. Nobody's-a coming to get-a whipped when you tell-a them it's a movie."

"Shut-a you mouth," grunted Lucio the Undertaker. "I'm-a-run this operation, you rat-basset. Get-a the films."

Several days after the Scarsdale meeting between Jo-Jo and Lucio, Mara was sitting in the apartment on East 63rd Street, looking out an oversized picture window at the first snowfall of the season. For some reason, unknown to her, none of her Johns had showed up for their appointments. "It must be the snow," she mused. She wasn't worried. She knew that once an appointment had been booked, the John paid whether he arrived or not. Besides, even if her clients enjoyed having the crap whipped out of them, it was just a business with her. Her pleasure was to have a man run his hands over her body and build her excitement. She enjoyed having her breasts sucked until every nerve ached with joy and then having him mount her and thrust deep inside of her until they both climaxed.

Suddenly, the bell went off and jerked her out of the dream. She was puzzled. Her appointment book showed no appointment for this hour. Had she forgotten to write something down the last time Jo-Jo had called in the schedule? Or was this one of her earlier "no-show?" Oh well, at least she had gotten most everything ready before and she only had to quickly straighten herself out.

Moving with her animal-like grace, she crossed the apartment and looked at the face in the peephole. Mara recognized him immediately. Early last year, Jo-Jo had told her to take special pains with this client. He was a high-up in the city comptroller's office. She took his coat and carefully hung it up, exerting just enough movement for the robe to part and give him a preview of what he had returned to sample after so many months. She could hear his breath quicken as his eyes followed her.

Taking him by the arm, the tormentor led him through the apartment and into the chamber. He grinned approvingly and feigned a wince as he looked around the room at the devices adorning the walls. It titillated her that her client had once again returned to sample pain for pleasure. She imagined that he must have fought an incredible battle with his conscience and nothing thrilled her more than to reign victorious over a man's moral convictions.

In answer to her question the client indicated that he was ready to begin and she turned to the wall to pick up a set of leather thongs with which to bind him.

Before she could turn back, an arm came around her throat, locking tightly and cutting off her air. There was no time to gasp, no air to cry out. The dark came and her eyes closed.

When her eyes opened again she was unable to move. Her hands were tied in front of her with the thongs

▲ **Linda Lydamore, enchantress at Nights of Sodom massage parlor, chains her victim to the wall. His genitals (not shown) are restrained by thick, elastic bands. Price of an evening's flagellation? $1000.**

◀ **"Vampire sex," in which the prostitute draws blood from the submissive john as a prelude to the sexual act, has become increasingly popular.**

Mara Larrive's remains are interred in Queens Cemetery. A highly paced patron fearing exposure had tortured her to death in her own torture chamber.

she had just taken from the wall and she was bent over the desk. Her robe had been removed and the client was standing behind her, stark naked, tying her ankles together.

As he finished he came up behind her and began moving his hands over her body. The nipples still erect could sense his finger tips as they moved across her breasts. She jumped slightly as he entered her rectum and began to move in and out.

She could feel him come and then remove himself. Her thigh felt warm as it trickled down to her legs. But what did he want? He didn't have to do this just to get laid?

Then he walked across the chamber to the wall. He took a double set of clamps and forced her breasts into them and then began turning the tension screws. She screamed.

The client took a towel and tied it across her mouth to muffle the sounds and then, with the whip she had used on so many others, he began to stroke it across her back with long, even movements.

The "swish" as the braided leather cut through the air and then slashed across her back came in such steady intervals he could have been counting cadence. But then the whip began cutting deeper and deeper. The skin-deep openings now dug into the flesh.

Soon the blood was flowing and the slashing leather had now exposed the white of bone. But still it kept on hissing through the air. Her eyes pleaded with him to stop, but if he understood, he paid it no mind whatever.

The whip had now changed to a long strand of wire with barbs jutting out at irregular intervals. This didn't cut as deep as the whip, but it made punctures all along its path across her back. And as the barbs dug into the skin and flesh, he slowly drew it back, tearing as it went.

The trickles of blood that had first darkened her back were now running faucet-like. Pools of blood had begun forming around her knees, soaked into the deep rich pile of the rug lining the chamber.

She could feel the puke beginning to well up in her throat and still she fought to maintain consciousness for, she knew, that if she permitted herself to lapse into darkness, she would never open her eyes again.

It was at this point that her tormentor began speaking for the first time.

"It was a pleasure to see you again," he panted, overcome by the lecherous perverted abandon of his sundry tortures. Sweat streamed down his brow. "But it's a shame that the mob doesn't keep its word when it promises discretion."

Then with an almost imperceptable gurgle, her face fell forward. The shoulders jerked twice, perhaps three times and then she lay still.

The man walked over to the once beautiful form and shoved the handle of his barbed wire "cat" into her rectum. The handle of the whip ripped through still warm flesh into her vagina up to its hilt.

It took only 15 minutes of searching to uncover the recording system and camera hidden behind the carved wooden panel. These he shattered to pieces. As he exited from the apartment, he had in his possession a highly valuable snuff-out film complete with authentic audio.

So she lay there for two weeks, sweltering in the heat of an air-conditionless apartment. Neighbors passing in the hallway first noticed the strong odor coming from the apartment. At first they ignored it, then as it got stronger they complained to the superintendent.

The super, a pleasant man in his early 60s, used his master key when there was no answer to his calls over the intercom or knock at the door.

With the door open the stench was overpowering. He had entered the apartment, handkerchief over his face. But even that didn't take the stink away. Then he saw her. The skin discolored by two weeks in the heat. The blood dried and caked all over her body and at her feet and knees. He passed out.

One of the women who had seen him enter the apartment called her husband when the super didn't come out. He had left the door open and the smell was drifting through the entire building. The tenant went to the door and called.

He ordered his wife to phone for the police and then went in. He found the super in the doorway to the chamber, dead of a heart attack.

The police came and with them the newspapers and television cameras. They took pictures of the instruments on the walls and the blood on the floor. Some took pictures of the body but they knew they could never use them for publication or broadcast.

The police had no clues. They hadn't been able to find her records and couldn't even make up a "John" list. There was a fierce public outcry, but not about the killing. The good people of the city were furious that such a woman was permitted to operate within their city limits.

Like all other campaigns against the Lucio Vitiello Crime Family, the present campaign died a gradual death. There was insufficient evidence to prove conclusively that any wrongdoing could be tied to the mob. It is believed that Mara's highly placed clientele exerted incredible pressures upon the police department to transfer the case to their burgeoning inactive/unsolved file. ●

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Hank was perpetually broke. One night he got together with some friends, and they decided to cast the MONEY SPELL. The very next day, Hank received in the mail a check for some $250 worth of insurance. (He had never heard of the company that sent the check, he was not insured with them, and had never even made a claim—but he accepted the money.) Another member of the group that used the spell, a 40-year-old secretary, received an automobile as a gift! All the other members of the group received amazing windfalls of money, as well! You'll see how Dexter, a retiree, lives RENT FREE *and* receives $200 a week at the age of 78, with a secret you'll find in this Witch Book! You'll see how Claudine, a secretary, was able to wear the finest, most expensive furs—FREE—and spend weekends at an expensive ski lodge in the mountains, where she met a wonderful man! How Ruth L., a widow—with nothing but a small pension, and a little savings—received her dream house, by using a simple 5-minute ritual on page 38 of this book!

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MEET THE AUTHORS

GAVIN FROST, B.Sc., Ph.D., D.D., is Archbishop of the Church of Wicca, New Bern, North Carolina with national headquarters in Salem, Missouri, branches in several states and worldwide membership. He is Marshal of the Gold Star of England, with the right to wear the Saffron Robe and one of the very few Witches in the Western Hemisphere privileged to wear the authentic mark of initiation on his wrist. Although descended from a long line of mystics and scholars, and formerly a Vice-President and Director of International Operations for major aerospace companies, he prefers to be thought of as a humble teacher.

Mrs. YVONNE FROST, A.A., D.D., with her husband Gavin Frost, devotes her time to giving private instruction and publishing *Survival*, the newsletter of the Church of Wicca, of which she is a Bishop.

Articles by or about Gavin and Yvonne Frost have appeared in such national publications as *Midnight* and the *National Enquirer*.

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SEX RAMPAGE OF THE CYCLE-FREAKS

By Bob Allen

A Shocking Atrocity without Precedent Stuns a Sleepy Town in America's Heartland

The Grease Leopards, leather-jacketed cycle gang accused of rape, forced sodomy and murder.

■ Hospital attendants hurriedly push the guerney through the white and green corridors to the emergency care unit. The young woman on the guerney weighed less than 50 pounds. According to her choked words, she had not eaten in nearly a month.

At 3:00 A.M. she had been found crawling naked on the sidewalk on North Fifth in Sheboygan, Wisconsin. She had been sobbing so convulsively that police officers Michael Burns and Timothy Hargrove had been unable to understand her. In the ambulance later, she had composed herself enough to say that her name was Lori Mae Short. She then fainted.

Held captive without food for days, blindfolded Lori Mae Short begged to be fed. One of the leather freaks said, "Hey, baby, we'll give you food. Open your mouth."

Twenty minutes later she was receiving quantities of glucose, dextrose and antibiotics. The story she told the doctors prompted them to call the Sheboygan Police Department.

If what Lori Mae Short had said was true, a crime had been committed against her. A violation of the most heinous kind.

For nearly a month she had been forced to eat male sperm.

Detectives Lawrence Young and Jerry Gorham heard some of the details from Lori Mae's doctors. The girl had been kidnapped on January 15, 1978, and made her escape on February 13. In that time she had been

▲ Police unearth the body of Janice Lester, early victim of Grease Leopards. Post-mortem examination showed she had been four months pregnant at time of atrocity.

Sharon Beardsley, secretary, was abducted from her own office in broad daylight when her boss stepped out. Months later, her body, weighing 50 pounds, was discovered in a shallow grave. ▶

bound hand and foot to a chair. Her eyes had been covered so that she had been unable to see her attackers.

For the entire time of her captivity she had been stark naked.

Periodically, Lori Mae Short had been raped anally, vaginally and orally. She did not remember how many times. As soon as the raping was finished, she was again tied to the chair. On many occasions while bound, she was sodomized.

After the first two days of captivity, she begged for food.

A voice said, "Hey, baby, we'll give you food. Got some soup here. Open your mouth."

The girl told her doctors that she was so hungry she trusted them to feed her. They did, but the liquid tasted peculiar to her. She spit it out.

Somebody slapped her face. "Don't do it again, kid. It's good stuff. Now swallow the next spoonful." He giggled. *"Because it's our sperm, baby . . . our sperm!"*

Lori Mae said she vomited on herself. She had vomited before, when she had been sodomized, but now the thought of that liquid sliding down her throat brought up sharp, acrid bile.

Somebody wiped her dry with a towel, then her mouth was forced open. A voice said, "Hold her steady!"

Another answered, "I'm trying. I'm pressing her jaws."

"Pull her head back."

"C'mon, libber, get your mouth open."

In the end, Lori Mae stated that she had no choice but to accept the milky substance on the teaspoon. She coughed and chocked, and then felt more bile churning in her stomach.

Her abductors laughed at her. She felt their hands moving over her naked body, fingers pushing cruelly into her vagina. A voice said, 'You better learn to like our sperm, baby, because that's all you're gonna get to eat."

The girl reported that when she had been pulled off the street she had screamed. Her kidnappers had stuffed a gag into her mouth to keep her quiet. She had screamed when her clothes had been ripped off, and at that time she had been slapped hard. She had tried again when an attempt had been made to sodomize her. This time someone had slapped both sides of her face, snapping her head from side to side until she thought she would go out of her mind with pain.

And now, with sperm oozing into her throat, Lori Mae screamed again. It was cut off by the presence of a penis in her mouth. Rough hands pulled her head into it, gagging her. She sobbed uncontrollably.

From her hospital bed, Lori Mae Short reported these incidents to doctors or to policewomen, who then relayed them to Detectives Young and Gorham. The investigators were anxious to talk to the victim. There were certain things they had to know if they were to conduct a successful probe.

Young and Gorham had already done their homework on Lori Mae Short. They had already learned that Lori Mae was 24, lived in the residential section of the city with a female roommate, and was active in the women's liberation movement. She had

Candy Cass, massage parlor hostess, was on her way to work at The Vixon's Nest when abducted in dark alley.

fought hard for the ratification of the Equal Rights Amendment in Wisconsin and had helped to make it a reality in that state.

Although the girl was quite pretty and had an eye-catching figure, the sleuths were surprised to discover that she had no boyfriends. And they had to assume that, with no evidence to the contrary, Lori Mae was heterosexual.

Before interviewing the victim, Detectives Young and Gorham had made a thorough search of the neighborhood around North Fifth, where Lori Mae Short had been found crawling naked on the sidewalk. The lower class area was inhabited by blue-collar workers and welfare recipients. There were, however, no known street gangs in that particular section. And one thing was certain — Lori Mae could not have crawled far in her condition.

The detectives could investigate no further without an interview with the victim. They promised the doctors they would be discreet and that they would say nothing which might upset her. One doctor told them, "She's very bitter. She wouldn't talk to us at first. She talked only to the nurses. Then

Nancy Rivers, Grease Leopards' mascot, ▶ insisted that underneath their gruff exteriors, the gang members were "gentle as teddy bears."

Gang members first beat up their victims, ▶ then stripped and raped them repeatedly.

we brought in policewomen. She talked to them."

Young said, "She may kick us out, then."

The doctor nodded. "She's sour on men. Of course, you can understand why. Those creeps were animals. She may need psychiatric counseling."

Detective Gorham said, "We've got to talk to her. We need details only she can tell us."

"Good luck."

The investigators entered the girl's room and were shocked to see the skeletal-like figure under a thin sheet. The girl they had seen in photographs at her apartment had been rosy-cheeked and full-bodied. This painfully thin form looking for all the world like a Dachau victim of World War II was no likeness at all.

Lori Mae saw them come in and turned her head away.

In his written report, Detective Lawrence Young stated that it was a full ten minutes of pleading with her before she finally turned to face them

Stunned citizens of the city of Sheboygan, Wisconsin, hold torch-lit procession to show sympathy for the families of the brutalized victims.

All of the victims had been starved for weeks and forced to subsist solely on the nutritional value of semen.

Jake Herkimer, gang leader of the Grease Leopards. Jake was credited with inventing the new form of gang torture.

and talk. The sentences that did the trick were Young's. He said, "We don't want this to happen again to other women, Lori. We want to put them behind bars. For all we know, they could have kidnapped another girl like yourself and might be —"

"All right." Her face was gaunt, her voice a whisper. Tears glistened at the corners of her eyes.

"Impressions," Gorham said. "What can you remember? Sounds, smells, voices, anything like that. Names."

"Grease."

"What?

"Grease. I smelled grease, like a garage. When they . . . came near me . . . the men . . . I could smell it stronger."

"Can you tell us about your escape?"

"They forgot to tie me to the chair . . . I was so weak . . . I guess they figured . . . I couldn't get away . . . I crawled to the bathroom . . . There was a window . . . somehow I got through . . . alley outside . . . I crawled to the street . . . it was so cold . . . I crawled for blocks . . . no one saw me . . . I tried to yell, but I couldn't."

"The room you were in," Young asked, "can you describe it?"

"Bare . . . just a chair . . . a light above . . . the floor was dirty . . . and greasy . . ."

"Did anyone mention a name?" Gorham asked.

"No . . . but they wore leather . . . I could feel it."

"Do you have any idea how many there were?"

Lori Mae shook her head. "I was blindfolded all the time, even when . . ." She turned away. ". . . even when they took me . . . to the bathroom . . ."

"We won't talk any more, Lori," Gorham said. "If you have anything else you want to tell us, we'll listen. If not, we'll leave."

No response came from the victim.

Young said, "All right. Thanks very much. We'll do everything we can to put them away."

The detectives left the room. In the waiting room they went over their notes. Young said, "I don't get this business about grease. There are no garages in that North Fifth area."

"Doesn't have to be a garage," Gorham said. "When she mentioned grease and leather, I thought about a cycle gang." He shrugged. "But that doesn't make sense, either. There are no cycle gangs there. We would've seen the bikes parked out front."

"Lori said she crawled for blocks," Young said. "I don't think she did. She may have thought so, being so weak and all. Let's go back. Maybe we'll get lucky and find that alley she crawled out of."

Before returning to the slum section, they checked in at headquarters. Detectives working on the case with Young and Gorham turned up something interesting in the missing persons bureau. Detective Roger Frank told Young and Gorham, "Three young women have disappeared in the last year. All had been associated with the libber movement."

Franks' partner, Det. Mel Travis, added, "Martha Bowers, 21, disappeared on November 12, 1976. Elaine Divorak, 25, on February 22, 1977. Mary Logan, 23, on May 23, 1977. All know Lori Mae Short and had worked on the ERA ratification effort. My guess is that they are all dead."

"Somebody's got it in for women libbers?" Young asked.

"Looks that way," Franks said. "But who?"

Detective Jerry Gorham studied the missing persons reports on the three young women. "This Lori Mae Short incident was no freak thing. These bastards, whoever they are, have been doing it for more than a year. . . . Jesus Christ, let's stop them!"

Det. Mel Travis grunted, "How? Our informants don't know a thing. There's no word on the streets."

Gorham said to his partner Young, "Let's nose around North Fifth."

They had fine-combed the neighborhood before, but were back again, searching this time for an alley with a low bathroom window in it. They were also looking for quantities of

(Continued on page 63)

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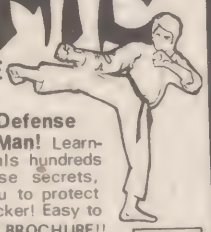

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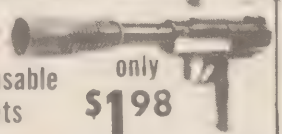

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■ When Mrs. Yvonne Simpson appeared in the Sixth Precinct Police Station on 10th Street in New York's Greenwich Village, Mel Jeffreys, the on-duty desk sergeant thought this would just be another routine MPC. He explained to the weeping fiftyish widow that literally thousands of teenage girls are reported missing in The Big Apple each year. Most of them simply move elsewhere and neglect to notify their parents.

"My daughters aren't like that. Cynthia and Sharon write to me every week and phone every other week. I haven't heard from them in two months. I know . . . I'm certain something has happened to them. I've come here all the way from Des Moines, Iowa. You've got to help me. I just got into New York this morning and I don't know where to begin. The superintendent of the building where they live won't even let me into the apartment."

After Mrs. Simpson filled out a standard missing persons report and

pictures of the girls, ages 19 and 17, were stapled to the form, the determined widow would not leave the stationhouse.

"Aren't you going to do something?" she asked Captain Zeigler.

The slightly balding 50-year-old detective, in fact, had not intended to do anything immediately. He had seen too many of these cases before. You tear your hair out looking for a girl and suddenly she turns up living with some actor or musician. And what's more, she is furious that you've had the temerity to invade her privacy by informing the parents that she's shacking up. Or, she's had an argument with her father and wants to punish him by not keeping in touch for a few months. There are more important cases for NYPD. Hundreds of stiffs on ice in the morgue are waiting to be identified. At least they're dead. Even if nothing more is known about them, the police can assume that a crime has been committed.

But there was something poignant about Mrs. Simpson's coming all the way from Iowa to search for her daughters. The grizzly old detective was somehow moved. It would be just too heartless to send her away summarily and toss her form into a bottomless MIP file.

Finally, he barked into the intercom for Det. Saunders to come into the office.

"Saunders, this woman's daughters are missing and she's come all the way

Karen Craig spent two months in Mt. Sinai Hospital recovering from a brutal whipping administered while she was restrained in a pillory.

An anonymous get-well card warned that her vagina would be ripped out the next time she opened her pretty mouth.

from Iowa to find them. Try to figure out what this is all about."

The superintendent of the girls' apartment building on nearby Perry Street took an entirely different attitude toward the inquiry when Lt. Saunders flashed his badge.

"Lady, I would have let you in before but this is New York. You just don't let people you don't know go milling around in other people's apartments."

When questioned as to the last time he had seen the girls, he said "About two months ago. The landlord's getting ready to dispossess for nonpayment of rent."

The building was an elegant, totally restored Federal-style building where the girls' apartment took up the entire third floor. In the little wood-paneled elevator, Saunders asked the super what the girls were paying for rent.

"Five-fifty.

"Five hundred and fifty dollars!" exclaimed Mrs. Simpson. "How could that be? They're waitresses in a restaurant! They could never afford that much. They told me they were paying $150 per month."

The door opened upon a sumptuous, well-appointed apartment with Oriental rugs, and expensive-looking Scandanavian blonde-wood furniture. Framed theatre prints gave an airy atmosphere to the off-white walls, and various pieces of glazed pottery were displayed on the mantel of a twelve-foot fireplace.

Everything seemed in order, however, except that a noticeable amount of dust had accumulated and the beds were not made.

"That's my daughters. They never made their beds in the morning no matter how much I shouted at them. Guess they'll never learn."

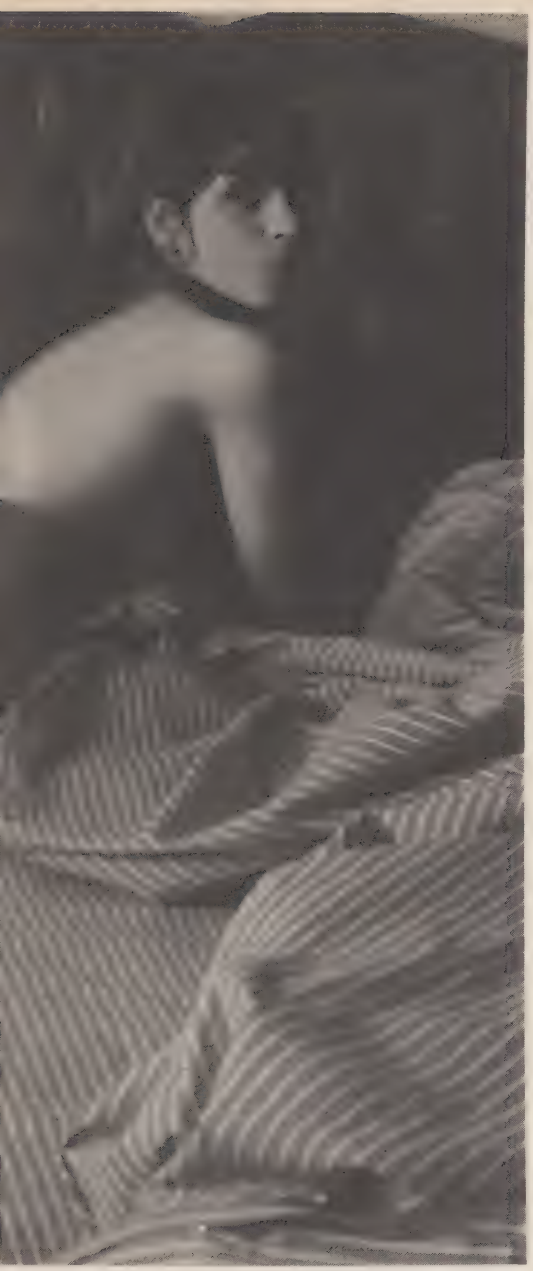
Their clothing didn't seem to be missing from the closets, nor was there any other indication whatever that they had planned to leave. Everything suggested that they had gone out to work one morning, as usual,but never returned.

Next, Mrs. Simpson and Det. Saunders went to Vincenti's, a little white-table-cloth restaurant on Carmine St. It was here that Mrs. Simpson said that the girls worked as waitresses.

When questioned as to their whereabouts, Alfredo Santucci looked at Mrs. Simpson.

"Are you the one that wrote the letter last month?"

"Yes," she replied angrily. "Why



Melissa Harris—her tip identified the murder victims as sex-waitresses at the Angel Fluff Bazaar, a mob-run "full service" bordello.

Each murder victim's clothing was brutally ripped off her by thugs before she was hung upside-down from a tree and whipped to death.

didn't you answer me? I tried to call you on the phone, but Information said that there was no number listed for your restaurant."

"Lady, I ain't got time to sit down and write letters. Besides, those girls haven't worked here in over eight months. But they were great waitresses, real polite and everybody loved them. You tell them they can come back and work here anytime. You just tell them that Alfredo said it's okay."

"Did they say where they were going to work after they resigned?" Saunders inquired.

"Look, it's none of my business. I'm not a snoop. I don't keep tabs on anyone but my own daughters."

A week later Mrs. Simpson received a telephone call in the McHenry Hotel on 34th Street where she had rented a tiny room on a monthly basis. It was Lt. Saunders.

"Could you come over to the precinct house immediately? No, we haven't found your daughters. It's just a routine matter."

No more than ten minutes had elapsed before Mrs. Simpson arrived in Saunders' office.

"Mrs. Simpson, I didn't tell you this over the phone, nor do I know an easy way to break this to you. The bodies of two teenaged girls were discovered yesterday in an auto salvage yard in Queens. We cannot identify them due to the fact that they died about two months ago. I want to emphasize that we do not believe they are necessarily your daughters. But as a routine . . ."

Mrs. Simpson lost color immediately and cupped her hands over her mouth.

"Let's go," she whispered.

When the bodies were wheeled out of refrigerated compartments 157 and 158 of the NYPD morgue, she stared at them in utter horror. The faces were slashed, bloated, and in certain places gnarled. The bodies were a patchwork of slits and gashes. One had a series of criss-cross lacerations on both cheeks.

After several moments of protracted silence, Mrs. Simpson screamed, her terror reverberating in the high-ceilinged morgue. Then she burst into tears.

"It's them. Oh God! It's them. Oh God, why?"

For the next several days, there were no new developments in the case. Then, out of the blue, Saunders received a phone call from a woman identifying herself as Melissa Harris, a neighbor of the murder victims.

"Look, when you were here last week asking about Cynthia and Sharon, I didn't want to say anything. I figured it was none of my business and didn't want to get involved. But I've been thinking about it and feel I should tell you something. Cynthia and Sharon have been working at the Angel Fluff Bazaar. It's one of those, you know, what they call massage parlors over on Third Avenue in the thirties. After you asked me about them, I called there a couple of times, but they said the girls didn't work there anymore. They go by the names Sarah and Beatrice — you know, nobody uses their right name in places like that. Anyway, I thought you could use the information."

The Angel Fluff Bazaar is not one of your ordinary massage parlors that open and close under different names every other month. It is an established entity which has been in business for over three years. In street parlance, it is a "full-service" house with legitimate liquor licence, crowded bar, floor show, and five-piece band on a Saturday night. Despite its posh, thick-carpeted interior, dimly lit with Tiffany-style chandeliers, it is known to the Vice Squad as a house of prostitution. The second story contains the "massage parlor."

What normally happens is the john has a few drinks in the first story bar while he looks over the topless waitresses deciding upon an appropriate trick for the evening. Then he asks the bartender if a particular girl is available for a massage. A few minutes later, his masseuse escorts him upstairs to a reception area where Sonia, the buxom fortyish madame, collects a fee (often over $100) depending upon the nature of the evening's entertainment. Sonia disappears for a minute to advise the pross as to the customer's desires. (The official rationale is that the John is only paying for the massage, and whatever else takes place is entirely up to the consenting adults involved.)

Finally, Sonia presses a buzzer, and the hooker appears in G-string and sequinned high heels to escort the john into one of the 15 "massage studios"

down either side of the hall from the reception area.

The vice squad has been trying to close down the Angel Fluff Bazaar for the last two years, but the mob insists that it remain open. The most brilliant legal minds of the Albanese Crime Family have found a thousand technicalities to forestall its closure. Such a profitable operation should not be allowed to die.

Izzy (the Spike) Caputo, minor consigliore to the Albanese Family, is particularly fond of The Fluff, as its regular patrons call it. As he says, it's a place he himself can frequent with pride. The girls are all hand-picked by Sonia, and not a single one is over 24. Nor does the place tolerate riff-raff. Burly Luigi Rocco, ex-hit man, will toss a trouble-maker into the side alley by the seat of his pants and blacken both eyes. Step out of line once and you're eighty-sixed for life.

The NYPD has never been particularly vociferous in its prosecution of victimless crimes, particularly insofar as there are numerous loopholes in the legal code governing these offenses. Also, there are just too many stiffs in the morgue to worry about a businessman from Florida who blows into the Big Apple for a convention and leaves with a smile on his face and a case of the clap.

But in the last few months, a number of bizarre incidents have been reported concerning The Fluff. The father of 18-year-old Kathy Lester charged into Police Headquarters and claimed that his daughter's ear was sliced off one evening while she was waitressing at The Fluff. When police questioned Kathy, she refused to either press charges or identify her assailant. It was done, she claimed, by a jealous boyfriend.

Only a week later, 19-year-old Rhoda Franklin's boyfriend had reported to police that Rhoda's pretty face had been slashed at The Fluff. Her friend, Roland Jackson, an unemployed accountant, stated that Rhoda had worked for several months at The Fluff as a cocktail waitress and masseuse. However, when police called on her in her lavish apartment at Chelsea Towers, Rhoda, whose face was still bandaged following plastic surgery, denied ever working at the Angel Fluff Bazaar. She admitted being taken there on a date "occasionally," but refused to identify the man who allegedly accompanied her on these occasions.

"That's none of your business," she said pointedly.

"Well, Lady," said Det. Forrest, "that's not what your boyfriend Roland tells us."

"Leave that meddling imbecile out of this."

"And besides, what happened to your face?"

"That's between me and my plastic surgeon. Will you please leave? You're not going to get anything more out of me."

When Lt. Saunders learned that Cynthia and Sharon had worked at the notorious Angel Fluff Bazaar, he checked the extensive file accumulated by the vice squad on that establishment.

Two days later at midnight, the height of business hours at The Fluff, three paddywagons arrived in front. All of the employees, from Luigi the bouncer up to Madame Sonia, were brought in to the precinct house for questioning, separately and in groups. Sonia, in her day the victim of numerous raids, demanded the presence of her lawyer, Alvin Cantelli, who arrived fifteen minutes later in a chauffered limousine.

One after the other, the girls told essentially the same story. They had been aspiring models, actresses, dancers, or artists who wished to finance their studies through earnings as masseuse-trainees at The Fluff. None admitted knowledge of the murdered sisters.

After four hours of investigation, all of The Fluff staff were released upon the insistence of their attorney. Cantelli threatened to sue for false arrest on the grounds that there was absolutely no evidence that any party involved with the Angel Fluff operation was tied to the disappearance of the girls. What's more, he claimed, there was no evidence that the murder victims had ever been on The Fluff premises.

Det. Saunders saw Captain Zeigler the next morning and briefed him on the abortive raid. It appeared that the latest attempt to close down The Angel Fluff would also fail.

"Well, what do we do now, Captain?"

"We'll just sit tight," said Zeigler. He had been on the force for 25 years and had seen many an elaborate criminal defense topple. He felt that it was now just a matter of time. "For the moment, the girls are scared shitless that if they say something they'll also get the ax, but sooner or later they'll come to their senses."

As it turned out, it was sooner rather

Kathy Lester infuriated Bobo (the Noose) ▲ Brancini when she tried to leave the mob stable. After slashing her ear off, he told her to use her tongue "only for tricking."

Cynthia Simpson, "masseuse trainee" at ▼ The Fluff. In theory, the john paid only for the massage; everything else was the free interplay of consenting adults.

than later. The phone rang just five minutes afterwards.

"I'm calling from a paybooth. You can call me Rita. I have information about the two murdered girls. Meet me in Port Authority Bus Terminal on the lower level in 20 minutes. I'll be standing in front of the refreshment stand."

Before Saunders could reply in the affirmative, the woman had hung up. Immediately charging out of the station house, he hopped into his unmarked car and sped uptown on Avenue of the Americas ignoring all red lights. Once on the ground level of Port Authority, Saunders spotted Rita immediately and identified her as one of the girls he had questioned the previous night.

"Well?" he asked?

"Not here."

Rita led the detective to a grungy little coffee shop owned by her cousin two blocks away from Port Authority on a side street. In the back room of that ptomaine palace, over a cup of ghastly coffee, Rita told her sordid tale.

"Yes, as I'm sure you know, every girl who works in The Fluff is a toot — it's common knowledge. Personally, I don't think there's anything wrong with it. I'm a college graduate in a town with 10 percent unemployment and I don't know how to type. We provide a service like anyone else and that's all. Personally, I think we make the world a little happier for some men whose wives don't give a shit about them. They work all day and come home to a screaming bitch and three wailing brats. *They're* the whores, I mean that's how I think of it. But never mind, that's not why we're here.

"If you're a toot in this town and the mob's not behind you, forget it. I'm not going to walk the streets, I'm not that type of girl. When you work in a place like The Fluff, you're taken care of. You make $500 a week and you're not dealing with trash. And if the john gets out of hand, Luigi bashes the bastard's skull in. A girl in this game needs protection.

"None of us had any complaints working at the Fluff until three months ago. Sarah and Beatrice were doing a double-play on this john. You know, that's when two girls and one guy, you know . . . well, anyway, that was their specialty. It was obvious that they were sisters and lots of johns get off on that. While they were tricking him, a masked thug walked into the room and put a bullet into his skull. He must have been using a silencer, because I was tumbling a john in the next studio and I didn't hear a thing.

"The one problem with Sarah and Beatrice was that they were gabbers. They should have known by now that in this business you *always* keep your mouth shut except when you're using it to trick. I don't know why I'm telling you this. I guess I'm as dumb as they are.

"Within 24 hours, every toot in the joint knew what had happened. Francine (I think her real name was Kathy) got scared and told Sonia she was quitting. Sonia tried to calm her down. Really, she's a cool cucumber, but Francine wouldn't listen. They let her leave, but on her last night she was minus one ear. That was to shut her up and to discourage the rest of us from getting any ideas. When you toot for the mob, you're property — it's like the army in time of war. You go AWOL at your own risk.

"Then a week later, Lola (I don't know her real name) didn't show up for her shift for three nights straight. No word or nothing. They fired her in her own apartment but not before her face was slashed.

"But the big blowout came about two months ago. Bobo himself came down to The Fluff — yes, Bobo the Noose Brancini. *That* Bobo, one of the kingpins of the whole operation. Chief Consigliore of the Albanese Family. Even Sonia was trembling like a leaf, and nothing phases that bitch, *nothing*.

"It was about ten minutes after we booted the last john. We were getting ready to go home when Bobo shows up with seven thugs and locks the doors. Then they counted us to make sure that they had all 15 girls and loaded us into a paddywagon driven by some creep in a police uniform.

"I don't know where they drove us. You can't see from inside those things, but we were driving for about an hour. It must have been around 4:30 A.M. when they told us to get out.

"It must have been way out in the middle of the sticks somewhere, because all you could see was a dirt road and trees. I said to myself, 'Jesus, this is the end.'

"Then one of the thugs starts to unload folding chairs out of the paddy wagon. One thing about the Mob, whatever they do, they do in style.

"After they sat us all down, Bobo gets up in front of us and starts rapping.

"He says, 'Now don't you girls get any big ideas about running for it.' Now none of us were that dumb. At least four of the thugs had tommy guns.

"He says, 'I invited you all out here so we could have a little discussion. A pow-wow. That's all. I wanted to tell you that *I* run New York. Some say the mayor does, some say the governor, some say the cops. I ain't scared of any cop that lives.

"'Now some of you girls been spreading rumors that something happened at The Fluff. I tried to warn you to keep your big yaps shut.

"'Izzy the Spike, he says Waste-em all. It solves the problem. But I say no. Just slash a couple. They're college girls, they'll get the message. But two goddam sluts *still* don't get the message.

"Suddenly he points his finger at Sarah and Beatrice who are sitting together off to the right. "You two

come here," he barks out, real mean-like, and then slaps their faces one after the other till they start bawling like babies.

"Bobo glares at the sobbing girls and shouts, 'These two sluts called the police. Can you believe it? When my contact at the police department told me, I told him to have all the reports ripped up, and now the two are going to pay for their lies. And we're all going to watch.'

"Then they did something really amazing. They stripped both girls, tied their legs together, and hung them upside down from a tree. Sarah and Beatrice were screaming to be released. It was terrifying. Some of the girls couldn't watch.

'Okay Antonio,' grunted Bobo, 'give them fifty lashes.'

"Antonio stepped forward with a long, braided rawhide bullwhip and started lashing the girls on their asses and backs as they dangled upside down from the tree. They were hanging there so close to one another that each lash ripped into the two of them simultaneously. The crack of the whip was terrifyingly loud and each lash left a bright red stripe.

"After Antonio had lashed them a few times, Bobo started shouting, "You girls, you slut sisters, you gotta count out loud so everyone can hear. Those was just warm-ups.'

"We could see their lips moving but couldn't hear them.

Louder!' hollered Bobo. 'We ain't counting them till we can hear you loud and clear.'

"Suddenly, in the most humiliated half-shriek, half-groan, we heard Cynthia and Sharon counting their lashes, One . . . two . . . three . . .'

"Welts and wales were raised around each lash-stripe forming a criss-cross pattern on their convulsing bodies as they swayed back and forth with each lash. Soon their backsides were just a mass of bloody pulp. I thought I'd wretch just from watching.

"But Antonio seemed to really be getting off on this whipping like it was some kind of S&M festival or something. He had this malevolent grin on his face. And this is going to sound stupid, I mean that I would notice something like this, but I could tell he had an erection. Like it was obvious.

"By the time they counted to 20, the girls were hysterical, like they were in shock. They started screaming out for their mother and begging Antonio to stop, and just generally shrieking. Then their bodies went limp at about the same time. They must have passed out.

"I guess Bobo couldn't see the purpose of continuing, so he ordered Antonio to cut the ropes with a knife and the bodies fell to the ground, splattering in the pool of blood that had dripped from their lash wounds. They must have been dead. They *must* have been. It was the most horrible sight I had ever seen in my life.

' Okay, girls,' said Bobo, 'The show's over. Turn up at work on time tomorrow and move your lips only in the line of duty, so we don't have to have a repeat performance.'

"The blood-covered bodies were thrown into gunny sacks and tossed into the paddy wagon. The chairs were folded and tossed in, and finally all of us got into the wagon. Each girl was driven to her door and told to have a good night's sleep.

"During the time since this happened, not a single girl has mentioned it to my knowledge. We report to work every night and pretend nothing has changed. But none of us will ever be the same again — *ever.*"

Finally Rita had said what she had to say. The cold composure that had characterized her narration from beginning to end had finally cracked, and the hardened 20-year old prostitute burst into tears.

"It was terrible," she sobbed, "ungodly!"

Det. Saunders was speechless. During his days on the force, he had heard and seen much that goes unseen and unheard by the general public, but this story wrenched him to the guts.

Rita was immediately taken into protective custody under another name in a secret apartment guarded by two trusted police officers. It was felt that the Women's House of Detention could not provide adequate protection from Mafia infiltrators.

At press time, Bobo (The Noose) Brancini and Antonio Muzzarelli are awaiting trial for murder one. According to *their* attorney, Alvin Cantelli, Bobo and Antonio will be totally exonerated of all charges in due course. If similar cases provide any precedent, the line of defense may be that Rita has maliciously concocted the whole story out of anger at having been fired from her job as a waitress.

Meanwhile, the Angel Fluff Bazaar carries on business as usual. The notoriety of press accounts of the atrocities has only heightened the sado-masochistic allure of this hellhole of monstrous depravity. •

▲ Journalists converge on the Angel Fluff Boutique after the Mafia Torture Squad scandal erupts.

◀ Sharon and Cynthia Simpson performing an S&M "double-play" at The Fluff. Police believe that the bullwhip shown was the murder weapon in their torture deaths.

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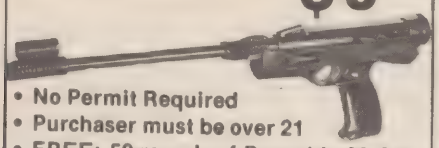

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VIGILANTE GANG-BANGERS

Drench the South in a

Have the torture killings finally ended the Great Smoky Sex War?

By Fred Atkins

■ Part of the trouble in trying to police the Great Smoky area of North Carolina and Tennessee is the terrain. There are so many out of the way nooks and crannies in which all kinds of criminal activity can be hidden that it has become a lawman's nightmare.

The other part is even worse. That is the tendency on the part of the people to take care of things on their own. The Smoky Mountains have been the scene of some of the best blood feuds going. Rather than welcoming the intervention of enforcement officials, those involved have, since frontier days, felt that it was up to them to administer the justice of an-eye-for-an-eye.

That's why, when racial tensions broke out, troubled officials realized they were in for the worst type of blood-letting. It all started with the usual number of schoolyard fistfights between roving gangs of blacks and whites. Soon it grew into something far uglier. There were numerous reports of both black and white teenagers being kidnapped off the streets and taken to mountain cabins where they were sodomized and raped. A number of boys and young men were treated at various hospitals for injuries suffered in beatings and sexual assaults.

Said one worried doctor, "They come in here with their anuses ripped to shreds. You ask them how it happened, they just look at you. They don't want you butting in. So you patch them up the best way you can. That's all you can do."

Flood of Blood and Lust

Marauding gang-bangers often conceal their identities by use of picturesque costumes. Even when they don't, a code of silence prevents their brutalized victims from squealing to the police.

Nobody was quite sure how the trouble had started, but there was no doubt that the savagery was accelerating. Young males began to travel in "wolf packs." Rumors of sexual depravities committed by both blacks and whites continued to grow.

Events took an even more ominous turn when word got out that there had been a rape in which the victim had been a female instead of a male. She was said to have been a 17-year-old black girl who had been dragged into a car by a number of whites, taken to a cabin and forced to submit vaginally, orally and anally to a group of five or six whites. The occurrence was typical of the type of sex crime which has plagued Appalachia from pre-Colonial times.

As word of the attack spread through predominantly black areas it became obvious that the young hotbloods were not about to take the rape lying down. While clergymen and responsible members of both the black and white communities pleaded with their neighbors to cool it, the tensions continued to mount.

They became explosive when a band of militant blacks seized a young white school teacher and took her to a mountain cabin where the blindfolded woman was gang raped and severely beaten.

Her story was that while in the cabin she was surrounded by a circle of men who stripped her clothes from her, forced her to kneel on the floor and perform acts of fellatio on each of them in turn. Following this she was subjected to repeated episodes of anal

Henrietta Washington, 17-year-old choir leader, was dragged into car, taken to secluded cabin and forced to submit vaginally, orally and anally to five whites.

and vaginal rape. Taken from the cabin by car, she was dumped in a roadside ditch. A message had been scrawled in red Magic Marker across her back. It read, "This is only the beginning. No white cunt is safe from here on." The young woman's body bore the signature, "The Black Apaches."

The name "Black Apaches" had been well thought out. The Apache Indian tribes were noted for their barbarous cruelty, their delight in torture and rape of helpless victims. By forming themselves into a group using the name Apache, the militant youths were serving notice of what might be expected from here on.

Commented one state policeman, "The trouble with kids is they're impressionable and they've got this macho thing with them. It doesn't make a difference whether they're black or white, once they start traveling in packs they're going to act like animals.

After the rape attack on the young teacher, there were a number of other incidents. They followed a predictable pattern. A young person — it didn't make any difference as to race or sex — would be found in a ditch or along an untraveled road. Sometimes the person would be tied to a tree. Usually he or she would be naked. The types of abuse suffered would be obvious. But most important, neither the teenaged boys nor girls would cooperate in trying to identify the perpetrators.

Commented one detective, "You'd show them mug shots, they'd just look at you stupidly. Now these weren't stupid kids, they were telling us they were going to settle things their own way. There was no doubt we were in for a real bloodbath before we got things straightened out."

"The worst part of it was that the adults were beginning to move in," noted another source. "Some of those men and women can be really mean, especially when their young ones are involved. We knew it was only a matter of time until we had some real killings on our hands."

The big crisis came when a trucker operating an 18-wheel rig out of Wheeling, West Virginia, radioed over his CB transmitter that he had picked up a naked girl on the twisting two lane road just north of Fontana. He described the girl as being in a state of shock and apparently having suffered the loss of a great deal of blood. The trucker was quoted by CBers in the area as having said, "My God, somebody's whupped her but good. She's got blood gushing out of her every place. Her back's raw meat. She keeps moaning and screaming all the time. Best as I can make out she's saying, 'No! Don't make me do that! For the love of God, no more!!'"

Despite her serious injuries, the girl refused to be taken to a hospital, insisting that she be driven to her home.

(Because no charges have been brought in this case and all evidence is hearsay and highly circumstantial, this magazine refrains from mentioning names. However a number of interviews have been held by investigative reporters who have reconstructed the events which are described. As one source commented, "Knowing something's happened is one thing. Going into court and proving it happened is something else.")

A practical nurse who was a close friend of the girl's family says she was called to the girl's home in the middle of the night.

"That poor child was a mess. Having all those men standing around her bed didn't help at all. I ordered them out of the room. I talked nice and soothing like to the girl. She told me everything that had happened to her.

"She'd been coming home late from school because she'd been practicing with the band. She was a cheerleader or a pom pom girl — something like that.

"A carful of black kids drove up to her and made a number of indecent remarks. Then they jumped out and surrounded her. The girl was forced into the car and made to lie on the floor. They pulled her pants down around her ankles and began burning her with cigarettes. We found scars all over the inside of her thighs.

"They took her to some cabin up in the hills and took away all of her clothes. She was made to have sex with as many as three kids at a time and the experience had to be very ugly.

"Yes, she mentioned having had to submit to oral sex and there's no doubt at all that she was buggered. She wouldn't tell me everything that happened, but I had no trouble drawing my own conclusions. I kept asking her, 'Who were they? Who did this to you?' She told me to leave the room, she wanted to talk to her daddy."

A careful check shows no complaint was received by the police on the night in question of any gang rape. The logical explanation is that the girl's father and his men friends had decided to handle the situation on their own rather than submit the girl to the stresses of being the complainant in a criminal prosecution.

The practical nurse reports that as she was leaving the room, the girl's father entered. "He sat on the

side of the bed holding the girl's head against his chest. He talked to her very quietly. I couldn't make out what he was saying exactly. The look in his eyes was something terrible."

A neighbor and close friend of the father recalls having driven around the black sections of the area with the father and daughter. This was several nights after the rape had occurred.

"He kept saying over and over, 'Little girl, when you see one of them, you tell your daddy, hear?' We drove around for a couple of hours. The girl spotted three or four blacks whom she thought had been in on the thing. The father used a camera with high speed film to photograph them. He didn't use any flash or strobe lights. Just the camera."

A hardware dealer remembers the father visiting his store and buying a number of carving knives as well as some clothes line, a soldering iron and various other items.

One man says he was given an eyewitness account of what happened from one of the people who were in the shack when the black youths were brought there. He says they had been routed out of their beds vigilante-style by three or four carloads of whites who had "gone to get them."

"This feller told me the kids were brought in and stripped bare-ass naked. The girl's father seemed to be in charge and he shouted that he was going to kill the kids by inches. He ordered them strung up from an overhead rafter by their thumbs. Once they were hung up, he began heating the knives over a wood fire until they were red hot. Then he walked up to the kid nearest him and sliced off his right ear, just like that. The black kid's head and the side of his face were all bloody. The kid was crazy with the pain. He kept yelling that he hadn't done anything wrong and they should let him go. But the crowd wasn't having any of that. They figured the man's daughter knew who had raped her and that was good enough for them. They just stood there with their arms folded and watched the father doing his work.

"My friend tells me the father sliced the boy's other ear off just as neatly as that. He worked over the kid's face real good, cutting the nose and lips off. Somebody handed the man a knife that had been in the fire for awhile. He took it and stabbed the boy in the eyes. My friend said the kid's eyeballs dangled right out of their sockets.

"Meanwhile the other blacks were hanging there and watching and getting sick all over themselves. They knew what was coming and they were scared shitless. The girl's father must have had mule skinner's blood in him for what he did with the knife. He cut skin and tendons and he did things with that blade like you never heard of.

"Finally he ordered the black kid cut down. With all his tendons cut the way they'd been butchered, all the kid could do was flop around like a catfish on a hook while the girl's father flayed the skin off his back. It got so bad my friend had to go outside to toss up his cookies.

"By the time he got back inside the shack, the man was working on the second black.

"It's hard to believe, but my friend says it was even worse with the second kid. He says the girl's father must have had some of that Apache blood in him. I mean can you imagine slicing a living person's belly open and reaching inside and pulling out the intestines and stabbing them with a hot knife, or using a guy's balls as a pincushion. That's exactly what he did.

"But maybe it was the last of the black kids who got it the worst of all. The girl's father said he was going to give him the death of a thousand cuts. My friend asked what that was and he said, 'Never you mind, you'll see.'

"The girl's father began making a whole series of little criss-crossing cuts all over the kid. No one cut was more than an inch long and the kid didn't seem in the kind of pain the others had suffered. As a matter of fact he was almost quiet and relaxed about the whole thing.

Rita Calhoun, age 19, was picking flowers near a secluded ravine when seven whites knocked her unconscious and took turns raping her.

Bessie Andrews, age 13, as discovered by a search party on a back road near Weston, North Carolina. Her anus required extensive plastic surgery.

"But then they cut him down and took him outside to where the night air could get to him. And they ordered him to run down the road while they followed him in their cars. Soon he was screaming his head off, flailing his arms and legs all crazy-like, running, falling, picking himself up and running again. My friend tells me that you never in all your born days saw anything to match what that kid went through. All told he

Cassandra Lesly, schoolteacher, was found unconscious in a remote area near Boynton, North Carolina. A circle of men had forced her to perform fellatio on each in turn.

ran about five miles or so before he just flopped on the ground and rolled over.

"The girl's father had the other people gather up the bodies and they piled them all up and poured gasoline over them. My friend tells me the stink of burning flesh and hair was sickening. When they got done, they kicked whatever was left into a hole and covered it up. There wasn't all that much to kick around, just a few teeth and some bone fragments."

State police and prosecutors are still

Melissa Harrison, supper club chanteuse and reputed town prostitute of Weston, North Carolina, is trying to organize a fund to aid the victims of gang violence.

hamstrung in their efforts to bring indictments.

Says one detective, "We've heard it all. But we haven't one shred of meaningful evidence to go on. Nobody will speak to us. There are no bodies. We've circulated among the black people to find out if any families have missing relatives. Everybody just gives us the gimlet eye and says they haven't heard a thing. It's downright frustrating."

The one good thing about the rumors is that the violence in the area has died down in recent months. There have been no reported rapes or marauding flying squads driving around looking for victims. Some people hope the terror is over and the young punks on both sides are running scared. But every now and then when a teenaged boy or girl walks down the street, the adolescent says he gets this sick queasy feeling in the pit of the stomach which says, "It might start all over again. And you could be next." ●

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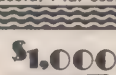

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MURDER ON ICE:

Punk Rockers Rob Bank, Rape Teller

Body of Ian Jebb, chief clerk at bank, brutally stabbed to death during the robbery.

The Williams & Glyn Bank, Prestbury, Cheshire, scene of a robbery and murder that scandalized all of Great Britain.

Sordid weirdos freeze victim to death on Gallows Hill, scandalizing quiet English township.

By Larry Garrison

■ Something was wrong in the bank. Potential customers waited outside for someone to open the door and they were becoming impatient. It was after 2 p.m. The two cashiers at the Williams and Glyn's Bank in Prestbury, Cheshire always took their lunch hour between 12:30 and 1:30. But there was no sign of life inside.

One of the regular customers put in a call to the bank's branch in nearby Macclesfield. It wasn't like Ian Jebb and Susan Hockenhull, the cashiers, to be a half-hour late returning from lunch. The bank teller at Macclesfield agreed with the caller. He said he would hurry right over.

The date was February 25, 1977. The teller, Brian Stockdale, used his set of keys to get into the bank. He went inside cautiously, not knowing what to expect.

Pool of Blood

Suddenly, he stopped dead in his tracks. A cold chill went through him. Ian Jebb was on the floor. The 21-year-old chief clerk lay in a pool of blood. His hands had been tied behind his back. His left leg was stretched out, the toe of the foot only inches from the silent alarm button. He had never reached it to sound the warning.

Brian Stockdale went through the bank quickly in a search for Susan Hockenhull, 19. She was not there, but her coat and purse were.

Stockdale called the police. Within a few minutes Chief Superintendent Arthur Morris and a murder squad were at the scene. The Macclesfield investigators made a cursory examination of the body and determined that young Ian Jebb had been stabbed five times in the heart area and had been struck repeatedly on the head with a blunt instrument.

Stockdale was worried about the missing girl. So was Chief Morris. The bank teller learned that $4,300 had been taken, so it was obvious that Ian and Susan had been victims of a bank robber or robbers.

Chief Morris was concerned for the girl's safety. And her comfort. She'd been forced to accompany the robber

Carrie Saunders, common-law wife of the murderer, is a dancer at Bambi's Lounge, Prestbury.

Seven marijuana cigarettes discovered by detectives behind a chimney brick in the Walsh home.

wearing only her indoor clothing in sub-zero weather. Residents of Prestbury were truly shocked by the crime and also saddened by Susan's abduction. Everyone in town knew her. Bank customers had dubbed her "Smiling Sue" because she had always been so pleasant.

Brutal Crime

The brutality of the crime had stunned Great Britain, especially because it had occurred in Prestbury, where hardly anything ever happened. The small town had some 700 homes, many of them in the $100,000 range bracket. Prestbury was the bedroom community for executives who commuted to the northern industrial city of Manchester. Its crime rate was almost non-existent.

But suddenly there was a murder, an abduction and a bank robbery, and the nation's attention was focused on the unassuming little town in Cheshire.

Chief Superintendent Morris called in newspaper reporters to issue an immediate appeal for public cooperation in locating Susan Hockenhull.

"This girl is only 19," he told newsmen," and she is happily engaged to be married, and she has never done any harm to anyone. I appeal to whoever is holding her hostage to release her at once. And I appeal to the public to report anything suspicious, and to ask neighbors if they have seen anything, or anyone acting suspiciously."

Responsibility for the investigation was assigned to Detective Chief Superintendent Gerald Williams who was in charge of the Cheshire County CID. He brought with him 70 detectives, many of them crime lab technicians, who worked hand in hand with Chief Morris' smaller force. Chief Williams agreed with Morris' deductions that the man or men responsible for the murder, robbery and abduction were extremely dangerous and that the girl had to be traced very quickly for her own safety.

Take Prints

While lab technicians went through the bank taking photographs, dusting for latent fingerprints and searching for any weapons which may have been used, other officers canvassed the residents of the village. It was a tedious door-to-door inquiry which had to be undertaken if any leads were to be developed. At the moment, investigators had nothing to work on. There

David Walsh, convicted murderer, goes berserk after sentencing in the Chester Crown Court and is forcibly dragged from the courtroom by constables.

Susan Hockenhull, abducted from the bank after the robbery, was stripped naked in a frigid moor, gang-banged by a punk rock band and left to freeze to death.

had been no witnesses to the crime. The killer or killers had left no clues at the bank.

Pavement-pounding detectives learned only that Susan had bought a newspaper earlier in the day and had stopped off at a cafe to buy sandwiches for herself and Ian Jebb. The restaurant owner reported that the girl had been her usual amiable self when she had been in his place.

Later that day Susan's father made a public appeal over a local television station. "I want to appeal to whoever is holding my daughter to return her. Please God, send her home unharmed."

Susan's uncle asked, "The family would like to ask this man, whoever he is, to please give us some sign that Susan is alive."

No Answer

The kidnapper did not honor the request.

Police surmised that the desperate man who had taken the girl had only a couple of options open to him. He could have killed her immediately. If he had done that, it is likely that he would have dumped her body somewhere in the woodland areas outside of town. If he had elected to keep her with him for possible use as a hostage in a tight situation later, he could have driven 15 miles to the main motorway M6, which would take him to the south of England.

Chiefs Williams and Morris considered the former more likely. They organized their available manpower into groups of search parties. When it was known to the public that they were looking for Susan Hockenhull in the moorland country, hundreds of residents offered their services. A local club devoted to exploring caves also joined the hunt. The members were especially needed here because the area is dotted with abandoned cooper and lead mines.

When the Royal Air Force hear about the grim search, it offered the police the use of its helicopters. In short order three of the military choppers were in the air over the lonely moors, their occupants peering down at the ground with binoculars.

No Body

Susan Hockenhull, however, was not found.

Crime technicians at the bank had more luck. They found a clear heel print in the blood on the floor. it looked as though it might have been made by a man's boot. They also picked up an electrician's screwdriver. It had been found near Ian Jebb's body, but it had not been the murder weapon. Forensic tests had already shown that the young man had been stabbed by a sharp instrument having a double cutting edge. The screwdriver was a possible clue, but for the moment officers were unable to attach any significance to it.

On February 26, one day after the tragedy, the Williams and Glyn's Bank offered a reward of $87,000 to anyone with information leading to the arrest and conviction of the killer. The figure was unprecedented and it reflected the outrage bank officials felt.

◀ Juvenile authorities escort punk rock drummer, Lloyd Graham, to detention center after he resisted arrest.

Detectives at the bank were told that many of the notes which had been stolen were brand new. They copied down their serial numbers and circulated them around town. Shopkeepers, bartenders and restaurant personnel were asked to keep their eyes open for new bills. They were told that if they received any, and if the serial numbers matched, they were to call the police immediately. They were warned not to do anything heroic. The wanted men were dangerous.

Check Serial Numbers

While the investigators were handing out copies of the bank note serial numbers, they asked shopkeepers and others to let them know if they had a customer who seemed to be spending a great deal of money. Again they were warned not to intercede, but to call officers.

Late in the afternoon the Stockport police station in Cheshire received an anonymous telephone call. The male voice was gruff. He said to the officer on the desk: "Don't talk. Just listen. That girl you're looking for — I'll tell you where you can find her."

He then gave the policeman directions, and hung up.

Minutes later uniformed policemen and detectives converged on a rather desolate area about 16 miles from Prestbury. The hilly moors were damp and cold, and temperatures were below freezing. Darkness was closing in. Centuries earlier in this eerie wooded section the English hanged highwaymen. Now, at the direction of the anonymous caller, dozens of officers spread out and combed the desolate rise known as Gallows Hill.

An officer found a pair of women's sandals. About 300 yards away searchers found Susan Hockenhull. Her body lay near a crumbling wall. The area was near the village of Leek in Staffordshire County.

Scattered around her naked body were the clothing she had worn the day before — a gray polo-neck sweater, dark blue cardigan and a maroon skirt. Everything she had on was frozen stiff. Tight ropes bound her hands and feet. A gag had been placed in her mouth.

Frozen to Death

It was obvious to investigators that the poor girl had frozen to death.

The ropes that bound her had been tied in such a way that she had been rendered completely helpless. It has been impossible for her to move. The gag had prevented her from crying out. The temperature the night before had dropped to five degrees below zero. Under such circumstances, and with no clothing to keep her warm, it was inevitable that Susan Hockenhull would die from exposure.

An autopsy indicated later that she had been lying on Gallows Hill for about 18 hours. The pathologist's educated guess was that being totally exposed on that windswept, 1,200-foot-high ground, Susan certainly must have died after only a few hours of exposure.

Startling Breakthrough in Case

The routine forensic examination indicated still more shocking evidence. Susan Hockenhull had been a virgin yesterday when she was repeatedly raped by a number of men, how many it was difficult to ascertain. Vaginal smears had indicated a variety of sperm types.

The nature of the multiple rape,

Kathy Croteau, photographic model, best friend of gang-bang victim, disputed the police lab's conclusion that Hockenhull was virginal when abducted.

double murder and bank robbery infuriated detectives on the case. Two beautiful young people had died because of a grizzly lust for sex and money. Investigators vowed that those person responsible would not get away with it, that somehow they would be brought to justice.

Efforts were redoubled. Probers compiled a list of the bank's customers and immediately began a canvass of every one of them. Tradesmen and workmen who had been in the bank that day were questioned. Villagers were asked to try to remember if they had seen anything in or near the bank that day. They were asked to come forward with their information no matter how inconsequential they thought it was.

A photograph of a policewoman who was about Susan's size and build was taken. The woman wore clothes similar to the kind the victim had on when she had been abducted. Copies of the picture were displayed in various locations around town and a plea was made on the posters for residents to look at it and to report to police if it jogged their memories on some point.

Within hours after the posters were put up, there were responses. Villagers had seen Susan Hockenhull on the street shortly before her abduction. They told police substantially the same story. She had been with a young man with long hair. His left arm had been over her shoulder. She had stared straight ahead. Yes, she had not been wearing any coat.

Satan's Coven, the murderer's punk rock band, was more known for its innovative floor shows than for its music.

Young Man

Unfortunately, none of the witnesses was able to give sleuths a detailed description of the young man. Still, they had something to work with. The man was young and he had long hair.

The next phase of the investigation included poring over the list of bank customers and eliminating those who were obviously not in the running. Older men, women, girls, the handicapped and lawmen were excluded. The list now was narrowed to some 15 or 20 young men, all of whom conducted business with the bank.

Detectives now did some digging into the backgrounds of the young men on the list. They were particularly interested in learning if any of them had criminal records, or if they had ever been suspected of criminal activity.

Only one man fell into that category. His name was David Walsh. He was the 24-year-old drummer in a punk rock band called Stan's Coven and supplemented the meager income from that endeavor by working as an office equipment repairman in Macclesfield. Walsh had made several visits to the bank in Prestbury to work on adding machines that needed repair. Police learned that he lived with a 22-year-old girl who was his common-law wife.

The police record on David Walsh revealed that four years earlier, he had received a sentence of 18 months for dragging a policeman 30 yards while trying to escape arrest in a stolen car.

There were no arrests after that date. It was quite possible that Walsh had gone straight since doing his time in prison. Nevertheless, he was the only likely suspect in the double murder case and investigators had to check him out before proceeding to other phases of the probe.

Find Suspect

On February 28, investigators went to his home on Warwich Road in Macclesfield and talked with him. They did not like the alibi he gave

(Continued on page 64)

THE BOSS WAS SENTENCED TO DEATH

He Beat The Mafia Death Tribunal. . . for a while.

By Dick Burnon

■ On July 30, 1975, shortly after noon, Jimmy Hoffa left his home in Lake Orion, near Detroit, for a rendezvous at the Machus Red Fox Restaurant, 25 miles away. At home, he had left a calendar notation: "T.J.—2 p.m.—Red Fox."

On his way to the restaurant, Hoffa stopped off at the offices of an airport-limousine business in which he had a secret interest. He asked for his partner, Louis Linteau. Apparently, Hoffa wanted others to know about the Red Fox meeting. Learning that Linteau was out, Hoffa told several employees whom he was going to meet—Anthony "Tony Jack" Giacalone (T.J.), Tony Provenzano and a man called Lenny.

According to Senate testimony, Giacalone was the Mafia's enforcer in Detroit. Provenzano, a convicted extortionist, allegedly with mob connections, is secretary-treasurer of Teamster Local 560 in Union City, N.J. Lenny was probably Lenny Schultz, an ex-convict associated with Giacalone.

Giacalone and Provenzano had been close to Hoffa for years. But in Hoffa's struggle to regain power and replace Teamster president Frank E. Fitzsimmons, the two men turned away from Hoffa and decided to court Fitzsimmons.

Hoffa, perhaps sensing that his meeting could be a trap, called home at 2:30 p.m.—a half hour past the designated time set for the meeting—to ask his wife whether Giacalone had phoned. He had not. An hour later, Hoffa called Linteau and wanted to know where Giacalone was. That was the last time Linteau or any of Hoffa's family or friends ever heard from Jimmy Hoffa.

What really happened that day? More than two years after Hoffa's disappearance, no one really knows for sure. Four days after the disappearance, F.B.I. Director Clarence Kelley said extortion demands had been received and that the bureau had entered the investigation, which it had monitored unofficially from the outset.

The inquiry grew into the largest investigation ever conducted by the bureau involving someone believed to have died. The search for Patricia Hearst was bigger and more expensive, costing about nine million dollars, but the bureau knew she was alive. Hoffa was presumed dead.

A Federal grand jury in Detroit began an investigation on Sept. 2, 1975, and eventually called more than 80 witnesses, including Hoffa's associates, Teamsters' officials and many of the leading figures in Detroit's underworld.

A suburban businessman testified that, while driving past the restaurant rendezvous, he recognized Hoffa as one of four men in a maroon car leaving the parking lot. Hoffa's hands seemingly were tied behind him. He was leaning forward and apparently shouting at the driver.

Hundreds of tips flowed in as offers

Union boss Jimmy Hoffa smiles for camera in happier days when he was on top of the heap, politically and with the union. This was soon to change.

A more grim faced Hoffa as his fortunes began to crumble. He was convicted of jury tampering and sent to prison. Hoffa was the main target of Bobby Kennedy.

O'Brien were called to testify before the Federal grand jury, which met almost daily until early November 1975. At that time, Ralph Guy, then U.S. Attorney, said the grand jury had called all the witnesses on its list and was "just hoping for a good lead."

The case revived a month later, when Federal prosecutors said that an informant had named three New Jersey men, all reported to be associates of Provenzano, as Hoffa's killers. The informant said Hoffa's body had been crammed into a 55-gallon oil drum and transported to a garbage dump in New Jersey, but was unable to pinpoint the location. An intensive search failed to reveal Hoffa's remains.

Thomas Andretta and two brothers, Salvatore and Gabriel Briguglio, named by the informant, were ordered by a Federal judge to appear in a police lineup in Pontiac, Mich., for viewing by two purported witnesses to the Hoffa abduction.

One witness, a businessman, could not identify any of the three as having been with Hoffa in the maroon car he

of a reward for information leading to the arrest of Hoffa's abductors grew to $300,000.

Witnesses who saw Hoffa on the day he vanished recalled that he had said he intended to meet "Tony G.," "Tony P." and one other man, but they were able to recall this only under hypnosis. Provenzano and Giacalone have both denied being at the restaurant that day.

Later, investigators said that tracking dogs had detected Hoffa's scent in the trunk and back seat of a 1975 maroon Mercury that was driven that day by Charles L. O'Brien, a Teamster official who has referred to himself as Hoffa's foster son. The car, owned by Giacalone's son, Joseph, remains in Federal custody.

Both Giacalones, Provenzano and

After Hoffa's disappearance, New Jersey teamster boss, Anthony "Tony Pro" Provenzano, came under scrutiny as a prime suspect. Hoffa had told people he was going to meet Pro and another man. Provenzano was also later charged in another kidnapping, but the charges were dismissed.

Hoffa was used to dealing with all the top leaders of the country. Here he is pictured with the late Richard J. Daley, long-time Chicago mayor and boss of one of the most powerful political machines in the country.

saw that day. The other witness, a woman, identified one of the men as a person she saw with Hoffa outside the restaurant, but she reportedly had seen his picture in a newspaper before she saw the lineup, raising questions about her identification of the suspect.

Andretta said the two Briguglio brothers had claimed that they were playing cards in the union hall on the day Hoffa vanished.

The grand jury subsequently called and gave immunity from prosecution to three other witnesses associated with Local 560. In July 1976, it also gave immunity to Joseph Giacalone, who testified for 90 minutes.

At the time, U.S. Attorney Philip Van Dam said that progress was "excellent," and he predicted that indictments would eventually be returned.

In July 1977, Federal officials close to the Hoffa case said the inquiry into Hoffa's disappearance had collapsed. The investigation has cost the F.B.I. more than one million dollars.

Hoffa's son, James P. Hoffa, a Detroit lawyer, said he was "disturbed and disappointed that more isn't being done by the F.B.I. or the Justice Department. They must have an idea how to move this case along."

While a Justice Department spokesman said that the search for Hoffa still had priority and was "by no means" closed, U.S. Attorney Van Dam said in Detroit: "There's nothing left to do. I share Mr. Hoffa's disappointment."

The number of agents working on the case had dwindled to a handful, and most also are assigned to other cases. Those on the Hoffa case said they had backtracked, hoping they had overlooked something.

"We're seeking new avenues, taking a broader look at possibilities, at possible causes and results, at whatever we can find," said Robert Kent, special agent in charge of the Detroit F.B.I. office.

In August 1977, Justice Department officials confirmed that the unidentified informant is Ralph Picardo, 37-year-old owner of a New Jersey trucking company and a convicted murderer.

Picardo has alleged that Frank E. Fitzsimmons, the president of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, paid the administration of former President Richard M. Nixon one million dollars for barring Hoffa from union activities. But Picardo has not impressed either investigators or prosecutors as wholly trustworthy. One prosecutor said it would be difficult for a jury to find Picardo a believable witness.

According to an F.B.I. report that Justice Department sources said has existed for months, Picardo told the F.B.I. that Provenzano had said he had collected $500,000 in cash at Fitzsimmons' request to be taken to a White House courier in Las Vegas, Nevada.

Justice Department sources confirmed that Picardo charged that Provenzano had said the total amount raised by the Teamsters for the Nixon

Hoffa passes the reins of power on to Frank Fitzsimmons, his hand picked successor. There was a strong feeling that if Fitzsimmons didn't have anything to do with Hoffa's disappearance, then his supporters may very well have.

Administration was one million dollars, all for delivery in 1973.

Picardo, according to Justice Department sources, said he took a large sum of cash to Las Vegas on Jan. 6, 1973, for Provenzano, with instructions to deliver it to Charles W. Colson, then President Nixon's liaison with labor. The payment was to insure that Hoffa was kept out of union activities.

Hoffa was released from the Federal prison at Lewisburg, Pa., on Dec. 23, 1971, after serving four years and nine-and-a-half months of his 13-year sentence for jury tampering and fraud. But a condition of his parole, after a grant of executive clemency by President Nixon, was that he stay out of union activities until March 1980.

Colson has denied the story and said he has never been to Las Vegas. Nixon's chief aide, Jack Brennan, called the story "totally false." Fitzsimmons also has issued a denial, saying the allegation that he had paid to keep Hoffa out of the union "has been circulating like a summer TV rerun for more than two years."

Justice Department sources said the payoff story had still not been substantiated, except for records showing Picardo was in Las Vegas on the day he said he was. Picardo is in protective custody in a Federal penitentiary, where he is serving a sentence of 17 to 23 years for second-degree murder in the 1974 slaying of 22-year-old Nicholas Trombetta.

"What I mean is you could get a million dollars. . .And you could get it in cash. I know where it could be gotten. . .We could get the money. There is no problem in that."

This was the tape-recorded conversation transcript involving a discussion between President Nixon and White House Counsel John Dean concerning the Watergate burglars' demands for huge sums of hush money. The conversation took place on March 21, 1973. When it was disclosed a year later, no one outside the cover-up conspiracy knew precisely what the President had in mind. But the Justice Department believes Nixon was talking about a secret cash fund that had been raised for him by racketeers connected with the Teamsters Union. The F.B.I. believes that one million dollars was intended as a payoff for the Administration's cooperation in thwarting Hoffa from ousting Fitzsimmons as union president.

It was no exaggeration that Hoffa wielded more power than the industrial robber barons of the 19th Century. As president of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters from 1957 until 1971, Hoffa ruled a union nearly two-million members

strong—the biggest, richest and most effective union in the world.

With control over 400,000 truck drivers, Hoffa had the power to knock out a major city or even the entire country, by halting most of the transportation wheels. In Detroit—headquarters for the Teamsters—the union delivers milk for babies and bread to their parents; hauls away completed cars from the auto factories, and brings parts and raw materials to them; stores goods in warehouses; sells goods in retail stores and washes cars.

Elsewhere, Teamsters stuff mattresses, produce chemicals, broadcast the news, are registered pharmacists

Teamster boss points accusing finger at Bobby Kennedy, brother of the president and then Attorney General of the United States. Kennedy had made it a major goal to send Hoffa to jail and finally succeeded. Many felt the charge was a bum rap and politically motivated.

State trooper joins in search. FBI, local police, and state police conducted massive search for Hoffa's body. It had been reported that he was placed in a pickle barrel and buried in a garbage dump in Hudson County, New Jersey. Although the dump was sealed off, the body was never found and the story never fully substantiated.

and dental technicians and even serve as state and city police.

Hoffa, as the nation's most powerful labor leader, provided the financial clout to elect judges in Detroit and a U.S. Senator from Ohio. His political organization, DRIVE (Democratic, Republican, Independent Voter Education), maintained lobbyists in Washington, D.C.

He dictated loans from the Teamsters' largest pension fund which had reserves of over four hundred million dollars during the Hoffa era. He admitted to a personal fortune of two

(Continued on page 63)

Dave Beck puts his hand on Jimmy Hoffa's shoulder in fatherly gesture. Hoffa took over the powerful teamster union after Beck was sent to prison. Hoffa was to follow him years later.

"WITH ENOUGH SEX AND BOOZE, HOODS WILL TELL ME EVERYTHING!" — BLONDE POLICE INFORMER

By Martin Bauer

■ There are people in Biloxi, Miss. who insist that the city's Gulf View section is a lot safer because Darlene Morrison had the guts to lay down with hoods and get up with enough information to put them behind bars.

Everybody agrees on that point, even the cops.

But there are about 60 guys who will tell you that Darlene Morrison was a bitch. Those are the 60 who are in jail.

They hold that view because the young, well-stacked blonde snitched on them.

Darlene was a stoolie, a police informer. But you can erase the stereotype squealer from your mind. Darlene wasn't the type. The 25-year-old charmer wasn't anything like the kind you see in the movies or on TV. Darlene was different. In a lot of ways.

She wasn't above getting a hood drunk to make him talk. Nor was she above taking him to bed for the same reason.

The questions you're asking beg answers. Why would a pretty blonde stick her neck out to help the cops? Why would she elect to consort with criminals when she could have taken a job as a Gal Friday with no risks? What was in it for her?

That's the rub. For Darlene there were no rewards at all. Detectives who worked with her said she never took a dime. They said her motives were altruistic. Darlene felt that every citizen had a duty to take an interest in his community.

Buy maybe it went deeper than that. Maybe she needed excitement. Or revenge. Or maybe it was a death wish.

In any case, Darlene never spilled the real reason for her devotion to putting criminals where they belong.

Maybe it was a little of all of those things mentioned above. Her background did not offer any clues. She was born on a farm in Texas, one of five children. The family moved to Mississippi. They liked the state and stayed. In junior high, Darlene showed promise as a poet and an artist. Although her poetry never got her anywhere, her ability with a pen and drawing paper came in handy during her years as a police informer. Investigators said her sketches of suspects were excellent.

Darlene affects brunette wig in this surreptitious photo of her consoling drug dealer who is ready to bare soul to her.

Darlene left school and got married. But the impetuous decision ended in disaster. There was a quick divorce and she found herself with the pressing need to support herself. With nothing more than an eighth grade education, it wasn't easy.

Darlene took a job as a car-hop in a drive-in restaurant. It was here that she got friendly with the cops on the beat. She was awed by their stories of their arrests and dangerous situations.

In fact, talking with patrolmen was her only high point. Her dates with civilians were a waste of time. She was bored doing the normal things single girls do and apparently was looking for excitement.

Dead woman in sleazy gin mill. Sudden death was way of life in tough section until Darlene Morrison went to work.

That was why she took up motorcycling. The faster she tooled along the road the better she liked it. The sport was an outlet for her. She accepted it, and she accepted the danger that went with it.

Another thing about Darlene. She lived in the Gulf View section, the toughest part of town. Hardened criminals congregated there. So did drug addicts, winos and petty thieves. Clip joints abounded.

Any pretty girl would be afraid for her life to walk in that area alone. But Darlene was tough. It didn't show in her soft blue eyes and warm smile, but there are detectives who said she was a real hard-boiled cookie.

Darlene's love of motorcycles aided her in getting into cycle clubs which dealt heavily in drug dealing and abuse.

One prober said, "She'd just as soon cuss you out as say hello."

Another said, "It seemed to me that here was a young woman, out of the sticks, eighth-grade education, tough, and all the time feeling inferior. She wanted to assert herself. And because of that many of her gestures were coarse and hard."

There are plenty of theories about why Darlene began ratting on thugs. One has it that in 1974 while she was on the car-hop job she heard a safe cracker bragging about his escapades and about how stupid the cops were.

That infuriated Darlene. The guy had no right saying things like that. Something stirred inside her. The criminal had to be put away. She decided to tail him. Her idea was to catch him in the act and then blow the whistle on him.

Her surveillance lasted for months, but nothing happened. According to the theory, she gave up.

Another possibility concerned a close relative who was always in trouble with the law because of his carelessness. It was said that Darlene tried to help him by having him put out of circulation for awhile.

Still another theory comes from Darlene's own sweet lips. When a reporter once asked her why she became a police informer she replied, "You sorta get bored with your straight friends. Nothing ever happens. Then I got this cycle and everything's changed. The cycle puts me in the type of group I want to get close to."

There may be some truth in this because her first contact with the cops as a stoolie came through a friend who had smashed himself up on a motorcycle. He was on drugs at the time. She told police about him and his bloody body yielded enough heroin to supply a battalion of addicts.

Darlene knew Gulf View was saturated with drugs. Everything from smack to pot. Something had to be done about it. She called a police captain in the area and told him about the situation, adding that the addicts were killing themselves.

The captain turned her over to the narcotics squad, the theory goes, and from then on she was working for the

Candid shot of Darlene at beach. She was soft and cuddly, but pulled no punches in her war against criminals.

cops on a no-pay basis.

That may be the closest to the truth, although Darlene told a reporter that there were many reasons why she became a police informer.

She said, "You just don't wake up one morning and say I'm gonna do it. It's a gradual thing. You come up to the cops slowly. It has to be that way."

The blonde said it wasn't easy to convince the narks of her sincerity. They were suspicious. They wanted to know what her motives were. Did she want something, or was she up to no good?

The last thing the narks wanted in their squad was a "plant." They had to be sure that the girl was straight. During the initial meeting they told Darlene that they were going to move some undercover agents into the area and that she would be contacted.

Darlene went home. Eventually, she was contacted. She was put through some tests. She never elaborated on what they were, but she did say that the detectives "tried me every way on the face of God's earth."

The important thing was that she passed. She was officially a police informer. Nobody ever told her what to do. Darlene figured that out for herself. She haunted the bars and sleazy joints where drugs were bought and sold. She never said much, but she listened hard and kept her eyes open.

According to detectives who worked with Darlene, her information was always accurate. One sleuth stated that "her stuff was always high quality, reliable and not a bunch of junk."

Sometimes she telephoned her tips to the cops and sometimes she wrote gossipy little notes. The letters nearly always held gems of information which the police could act on.

Her notes would reveal who was sleeping with whom, which suspect had just separated from his wife, and so on. The investigators knew that Darlene had to do some "sleeping around" herself to get that kind of data, but they didn't pursue that angle with her. And somewhere in the letter there would be a line like. . . "This man is in possession of heroin and marijuana. Large quantities. I'm sure he pushes."

One letter revealed her difficulties with a suspect. She described him as being conceited and hard to deal with. Darlene wrote, "In other words, he wants to go to bed."

Not long after that letter was written Darlene had enough data on the guy to put him away for life. So it was apparent that she had slipped between the covers with him, baring all. . . while he did the same.

Then there was the time the narcotics agents asked her to watch a guy they suspected of dealing. Darlene did better than that. She got to know the man. . . in the Biblical sense. But she ran into trouble with him. In a note to the narks she said, "I can't get his real name. I've tried all my charms

(Continued on next page)

Narcotics agent who worked closer with lovely police informer must remain unidentified for obvious reasons.

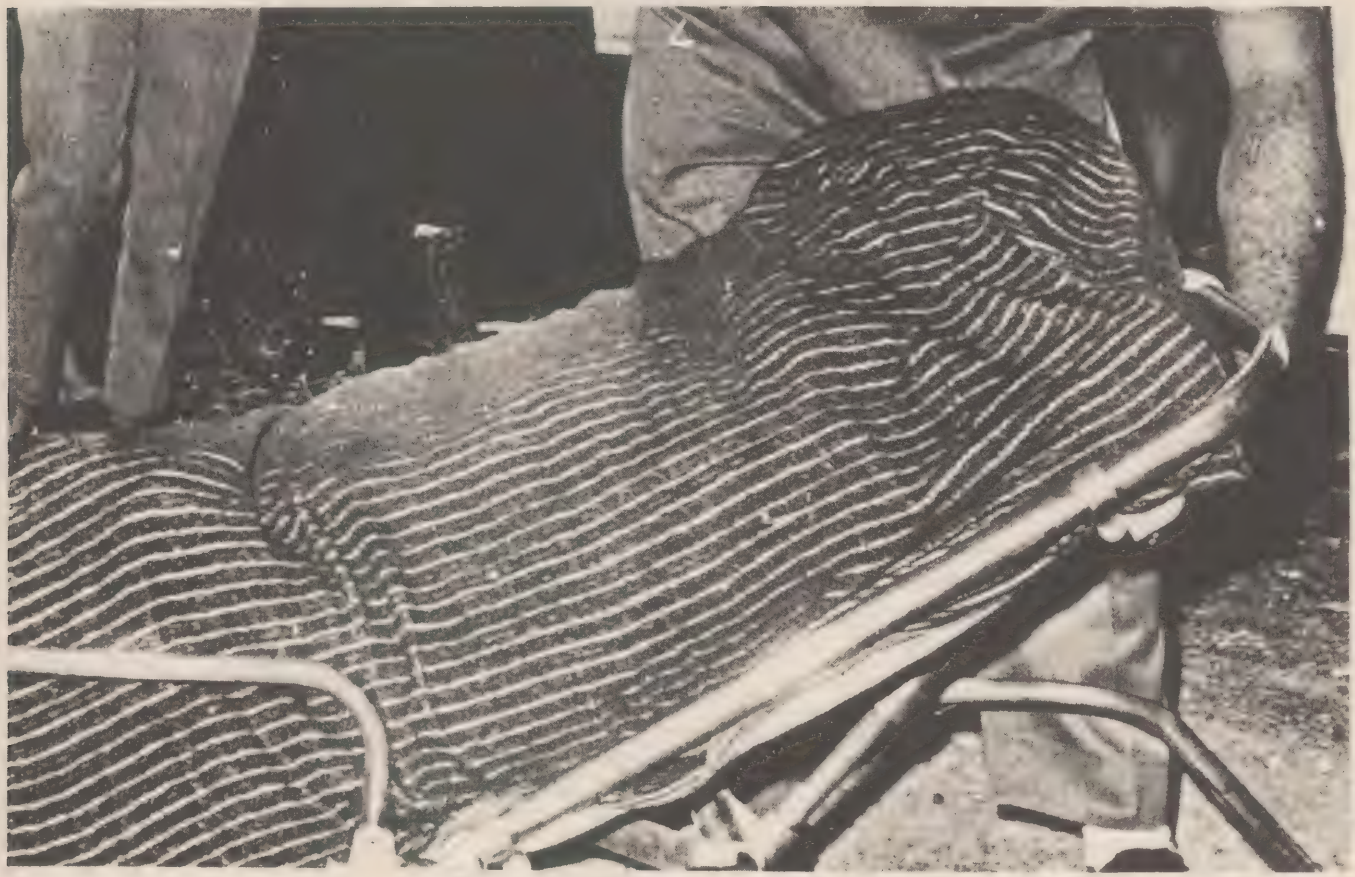
and failed. He's too cautious. He won't even tell me where he lives. All he wants to do is stay at my place, drink my booze and. . . " She didn't finish.

The narks smiled when they came to that part, then read on. Darlene wrote, "He's got a Thunderbird and spends money like it's going out of style. But he's the ugliest flip I've ever seen. He's straight out of a horror show."

Eventually, the blonde informant got the Thunderbird's license number and sent it to her contacts. But it was the note with it which worried the cops. Darlene said the "ugly one" was following her. She was sure of it. She'd caught him watching her from a distance and he showed up four or five times when she least expected it.

That was enough for the narcotics agents. They moved in fast and collared the guy.

Gradually Darlene got better at her job. She frequented so many pool halls in her search for drug addicts and dealers that she got to be an expert with the cue. She also took to carrying a gun. It was not known if the weapon was really necessary because the girl knew how to handle herself. But if



Body of ex-Marine who was "hit" by paid killers. Cops said this was "heavy" stuff for Darlene to play around with.

End of the line for Darlene Morrison. She was shot three times in stomach . . . a fate which cops had predicted for her.

things really got tight she could always use the gun as a threat, like the time in a pool hall when a character gave her some flap. She snarled, "If you don't cut it out I'll blow your damn head off!" Her report on the incident to police indicated that the object of her fury had been super sweet to her ever since.

The men in the police department who worked with Darlene Morrison liked her as a person as well as an informer. But they had a beef. She took too many risks. They told her repeatedly that she had to be more careful. They complained that she was always flirting with death, that it was a game with her.

One time when detectives were berating her for not being careful enough on a particular case she told them that it didn't make any difference because her doctor had told her that she didn't have much longer to live.

The subject was dropped right there. Her listeners, however, were determined to find out about it. Discreetly, they nosed around the drive-in restaurant where Darlene worked and a girl friend said that Darlene had some sort of growth in her stomach.

She had once told the girl that she didn't care if she got killed. If she had to worry about something like that she wouldn't be effective on the job.

After two years of effective informing, Darlene had some definite ideas about police work. Despite her lack of formal education she was extremely bright and alert. She never talked about being a crusader, but she did want to put evil-doers behind bars. And if it didn't happen fast enough for her, she pulled no punches in her criticism of police methods.

She let the cops know in no uncertain terms that the narcotics squad and the burglary squad were not working together, even though they were after the same people.

She griped, "You show me a super heavy dope addict and I'll show you someone who has to steal to support his habit."

Detectives did not argue the point. It was rare that anyone on the job argued with Darlene because she minced no words.

But they never stopped pleading with her to be more careful—even though they knew it was a waste of time.

An example of the kind of trouble Darlene frequently got herself into occurred during mid-1975. A convict had been released from prison. It was a man Darlene had known in Gulf View years before. A detective asked her to keep an eye on him.

The pretty blonde went a step further. She took the guy to bed with her. It was her theory that nothing loosens a guy's tongue like a little booze and a lot of sex.

A MAFIA DON SAYS:

LOOK FOR WHOLE

IN THE NEW

■The war is coming. Nothing can stop it. According to a Mafia chieftan who obviously must remain anonymous, there will be a bloodbath to equal or surpass the terrible Night of the Vespers in 1931.

Reason: The Mafia is losing its cocaine operations. Ten years ago the Mob controlled 90 per cent of all coke smuggling and distribution in this country. Today the percentage is down to 50. It's slipping still further.

The lid is about to blow.

Here's the story behind the coming explosion.

In the mid-1960s the Mob decided to cool it on narcotics. Sane heads like Costello felt that the profits weren't worth the risks. Besides, a lot of big names had been jailed because of their drug connections. Genovese, Big John Ormento, Carmine Galante, Natale Evola and others.

There was another reason. Minority hoods were pushing the whites out of the narcotics rackets. White hoodlums were getting themselves beaten up and tossed out of the neighborhoods. Pushers and distributors saw the blacks and Latins moving in and taking over.

Some people in the syndicate suggested a war. Gambino and a few others nixed it. The way the bosses saw it, they couldn't win. The thing to do was to let their counterparts buy in where feasible or relinquish the territories altogether.

The Mob's soft attitude here gave rise to what has become known as the Cuban Mafia. The new minority groups have their own connections, their own pipelines to their sources, their own dealerships. They are deeply entrenched with their contacts in Europe and Latin America.

The Mob's retreat, however, was not total. They bankrolled the larger narcotics shipments and then turned the stuff over to the minority dealers. It was a deal like this which cost Tommy Eboli his life.

According to Federal officials, the largest narcotics wholesaler in the United States was Louis Cirillo, a bagel baker in the Bronx. It was alleged also that he represented an international syndicate based in France which dumped $300 million worth of heroin into this country. (The figure represents street value.)

Police say that Cirillo needed ready cash for an extra large shipment. He turned to Eboli. The amount needed was $4 million. Tommy Eboli didn't have it. He went to Gambino to cut him in. Other bosses also put up their money. The profits would be stupendous.

But they didn't come. A snag developed. One of the Parisian smugglers suddenly decided to turn snitch. Not only did the deal fall through, but Cirillo ended up with a 25-year sentence and the syndicate lost its investment.

A search of Cirillo's home yielded $1 million in cash. More millions were

Drug-related killing in New York City. So far, murders have been kept to a minimum, but toll will rise, says Don.

SALE SLAUGHTER COKE WAR!

alleged to be buried elsewhere. Gambino and others demanded that Eboli make good and he refused. On July 16, 1972 Tommy Eboli took five bullets in the face and neck as he stepped out of his Cadillac.

A little more than a year later rumors flew that the Mob wanted to get back into the narcotics racket. The cult of cocaine users in the United States and Europe was growing and the Mafia wanted to get in on the huge profits to be had. But there was a problem. The new entrepreneurs were solidly in control. The Latin Americans had it sewn up.

One of the bigger operators hauling cocaine from Chile to the United States was Don Oscar Squella-Avendano, 50. A decorated former officer in the Chilean Air Force, and married to a socially prominent woman, Don Oscar owned a cargo line in Santiago and was being groomed for a cabinet post as Minister of Transportation in Chile.

Expect to see more scenes like this one when Italian Mafia and Cuban Mafia lock horns over control of coke smuggling.

Louis Cirillo: He was the largest narcotics wholesaler in U.S. until Parisian smuggler turned snitch on him.

Thomas "Tommy Ryan" Eboli (left) refused to make good on Mafia's loss on narcotics deal, was slain in street.

Police check bullet-riddled car in which "soldier" was murdured in Boston, suspect it was related to coke war.

Don Oscar did not make it. In July 1970 he supervised an immense shipment of cocaine being brought in at Miami International Airport. Under the wooden floorboards of the plane's hold was $1 million worth of coke—202 pounds. During the transfer of the stash to a major Cuban importer, federal narcotics agents moved in. Tips from informers in the United States Drug Enforcement Administration (then known as the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs) had alerted the agents.

Don Oscar, who had been considered a powerful cocaine godfather, now resides in the Atlanta Penitentiary, where he'll stay for about 15 years.

There are scores exactly like him still plying their trade. They are amassing great fortunes because the demand for coke in this country and in Europe is unbelievably high.

Many of them own their own planes, have two, three or more residences and never want for the most beautiful of women. Nearly all are Latin-Americans. Nearly all feel that they are more powerful than the traditional bosses of the Italian Mafia. They may well be. They are riding high and it's a good bet that they will abide no efforts from the Mafia to push into their lucrative coke racket.

The Latins have an edge. The stuff is grown in their own backyard—the Andes. It's a shrub with green leaves and red berries. It thrives in the rarified atmosphere of the mountains. The Andeans have been chewing the leaves for centuries and are still doing so. It's almost a ritual. In the 13th and 14th centuries the peasants chewed it to help forget that they were hungry and exhausted.

Today's peasants coax the plant into producing a new crop four to six times a year. When they have enough to do some business they load up their llamas and trudge down the mountainside to meet with the brokers.

These men, the brokers, have contacts with the crime syndicates in the major cities in South America. They buy bundles of coke from the peasants and haul them to a nearby lab where the leaves are ground into a thick and smelly paste called *coca bruta.* The gook is then parceled out in two-kilogram lots which he sells for a few hundred dollars.

A second lab now comes into play. This one is much more sophisticated. The major drug traffickers own these labs where the *coca bruta* is refined and placed in clear plastic packages for wholesale delivery to the syndicate.

Just as in the old days of the Mafia and its narcotics operations, the new dealers in coke seal their delivery agreements over cocktails in posh settings. There is no bargaining. Prices are fixed. Bill Durkin, assistant administrator for enforcement at the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration, says: "While there is no one total drug-peddling fraternity, you won't last two days if you try to undercut the market."

So far it has not been necessary to undercut. No matter how high the coke prices jump, consumers in the U.S. and Europe are willing to pay. And the profits are high all along the way. The local seller, for instance, may invest about $650 per kilo. His return is roughly $2,000. In New York, that $2,000 kilo sells for $20,000.

According to authorities, cocaine is now the top seller. Everywhere in the West, coke beats out heroin in demand. And the traffickers, referred to by a Peruvian newspaper as the "Coka Nostra," are aware of the fact that the real Cosa Nostra is enviously looking over their shoulders.

One disgruntled Italian mobster whined, "We taught those guys everything they know. And believe me, we regret it."

Will the Stateside syndicate do anything about it? That's hard to say. The potential for an all-out war is there. Bad blood does exist. One official with the Drug Enforcement Administration says, "Recent arrests of some of the top people in organized crime was a big blow to the Italian syndicate. Now it has suffered a bigger blow, and that is that the mobsters have not been able to prevent other groups from coming in and taking over the narcotics traffic on a large scale."

DEA is trying hard to stop the traffic. It is probably the most ambitious effort the United States has ever made to end coke smuggling. DEA has foreign outposts in Caracas, Panama City, Quito, Asuncion, Lima, Brasilia, La Paz, Santiago, Montevideo, Balboa, Hermosio, Monterey, Mazatlan, Guadalajara and Mexico City. In one recent year DEA confiscated 2400 pounds of coke.

But a problem exists in that cocaine is not an insidious narcotic like heroin. In fact, it is not a narcotic at all and it is not addicting, but it can become habit-forming. It does not produce street addicts, street crime or raving maniacs. Agents are admittedly not psyched up about coke, although they realize it is a very serious problem.

Normally, the drug is not injected with a hypodermic needle, as is heroin. It is snorted through a nostril. There are little after-effects. Users have found that a small quantity of coke at the tip of the penis or in the vagina adds to the duration of one's sexual pleasures.

Cocaine has long been described as a rich man's high, and with good reason. A tin of coke today goes for $25. Hosting a coke party can cost a small fortune. Coke users are likely to be fairly well off, sociable and non-criminal. They won't pull a gun on their supplier if he's undergoing a dry spell. They are civilized and far removed from the heroin addicts, who are sometimes referred to as society's lepers.

Much of the friction lies with the arrogance of the new cocaine operators. The Latin Americans make no bones about their desire to replace the old Italian Mafia with their own international syndicate. They are certain that the Italian empire will fall apart. When this happens, they will move in and take over.

That sounds easy on paper, but you can be sure the old mobs won't throw in the towel without a fight. It's entirely possible that a major war between the Mafia and the cocaine mobs may take place.

Insiders say the Mafia has been weakened by the arrests and convictions of many of its top men, one of the latest being the 15-year incarceration of Carmine Tramunti, who was one of the five New York bosses. Another set-back occurred when the cops busted the so-called French Connection. Since then heroin smuggling has been difficult, to say the least. Narcotics agents in the United States and France have made life impossible for smugglers. The cost of heroin import has skyrocketed. Added to that is the poor quality of the stuff. Many addicts are getting sick. The Mafia has been cutting the smack so drastically that users are getting only very small percentages in their bags. But they can't complain. Who can when the cutters are the Mafia?

The French Corsican criminals and the American Mafia have been taking a beating for a long time in the heroin business. And the introduction of methadone a few years ago didn't help at all. Many adidcts were able to make the switch with no sweat.

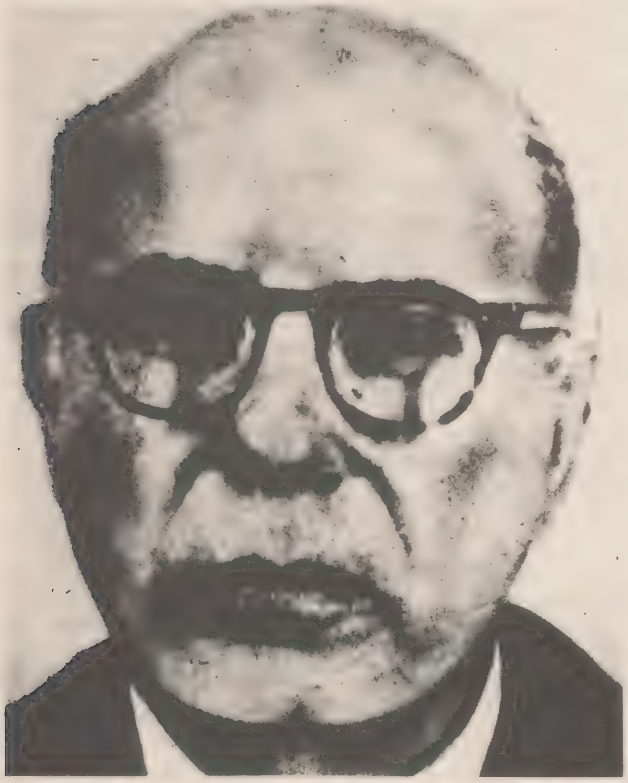
Compare that dire situation with obvious wealth associated with the cocaine operators. A case in point is the recent bust of a coke trafficker in New York. His bail was set at $300,000. Within hours a sharp lawyer entered a Central American Bank and withdrew the money in cash, packed it into a suitcase and brought it to court. The suspect was free and back on the street in no time.

Coke smugglers no longer use the old methods of getting the stuff into the United States. Federal agents are on the lookout for girls with extra-large bustlines. The pregnant one also get special attention from the Feds. But the traffickers now prefer using schoolboys visiting relatives in the States, or elderly grandfather types who don't arouse anyone's suspicions.

Further, the smugglers have their

Body of suspected cocaine smuggler. Cuban Mafia has unique method of using couriers like this to carry coke.

Carmine Galante was jailed in 1959 on drug conspiracy charge. He is now bidding for top spot in Mafia.



own intelligence system, every bit as good as the CIA because many of them were at one time CIA men themselves. Some were part of the Bay of Pigs invasion. Others were operatives for the Agency in other capacities.

Says John Warner, a Justice Department intelligence official, "These traffickers, especially the ex-CIA guys, make formidable opponents. They even conduct counterintelligence on us to see what we're up to."

So far, the traffickers appear to be a couple of jumps ahead of the federal agents. While government men stake out the airports, the smugglers bring their stuff across the Mexican border, often on foot. They'll also move it through ports like San Diego and Charleston. The average freighter has more than 1,000 excellent stash spots on it. And they are using them to capacity.

The tactic that insures successful smuggling is one that literally overwhelms the opposition. Vast numbers of couriers are used. Each carries a small amount. One or two people may be caught, but the loss is inconsequential. Also important in this kind of operation is that Mr. Big is always protected. He is insulated from arrest. In most cases the couriers don't even know who the boss is. It's possible that the big shots took the arrest of Don Oscar and the large confiscation of coke as an object lesson.

According to insiders, Cubans make the best smugglers. A U.S. government official says, "They don't fool around. A lot of them fought against Castro in the Bay of Pigs and now they're into narcotics in a big way. They are very business-like. Determined to make a killing.

"It's a very close-knit operation. They're closer than the Mafia. A deal's a deal. They are strict. You don't double-cross them. There's no such thing as squealing to the cops. When you play with them, you play their way. It's like a military organization."

What are the chances of the American Mafia cracking the organization without a war? Not much. Look at the odds against them. The Latins right now have all the connections. They are better organized. They have

Natale "Joe Diamond" Evola was another Mafia chieftan who had his fingers burned in attempt to deal in drugs.

Frank Costello, shown here talking to Walter Winchell, said drug profits weren't worth the risks involved.

the equipment to deal with huge quantities of cocaine. They live where the stuff is grown and they are familiar with the terrain. They also blend in better in a Peruvian cafe than a Mafioso from Brooklyn, who would stand out like a white man in Harlem.

As things stand now, you can look for all-out war. No one can guess when it will take place or where. But as a Mafia Don said, "When it starts there will be wholesale slaughter!" ●

MOMMY'S DEAD IN THE TUB

By Larry Garrison

She took the "Pill" for her boyfriend, so he killed her.

■Winchat Close is normally a quiet street in the industrial city of Coventry, England. But on this particular Saturday morning of October 6, 1976 the residents of the cul-de-sac were rudely awakened by the terrified cries of two little boys. It was 7 a.m.

Neighbors had every right to be angry. Saturday was a day of rest. But the little boys would not stop their screaming. They were David Mellor, seven, and his brother Richard, four. They kept saying, "Please help us. It's Mummy. We can't make her talk to us."

One housewife who was in the street quieted the youngsters. The boys showed the woman where their Mummy was—in the bathtub. The attractive, red-headed young mother was naked and obviously dead.

The startled housewife gasped, "Oh, my God. . .!"

She immediately called the police, then made arrangements with another woman on the street to tend to the little boys until their father could be located.

Members of the Coventry C.I.D. arrived and with them was a police surgeon. His cursory examination of the body indicated that Mrs. Pauline Mellor had died of drowning. The doctor found some superficial wounds at the top of her head, which told him that she had probably slipped in her bath, struck her head and drowned in the bath water.

The C.I.D. had no reason to suspect foul play because there was no sign of a struggle in the apartment and the front door had not been jimmied.

In short order detectives learned that the dead woman's husband Frank, 33, was 100 miles away participating as a part-time soldier in a training course with a military reserve unit of Britain's Territorial Army. He was located that weekend at a top secret chemical warfare plant near the southern English town of Salisbury, which was about a two-hour drive from Coventry.

Two uniformed policemen were assigned the unenviable task of driving to Salisbury to break the tragic news to Frank Mellor. They found the corporal in a pub drinking with some army buddies. When the policemen told him about his wife's accidental death he broke down. His sobs were uncontrollable. When he gained control of himself he showed the officers a bottle of perfume he had bought for Pauline. He intended to give it to her when he returned home at the end of the weekend.

Frank Mellor was excused from further military duties and was permitted to return to his home with the two policemen.

While all this was taking place, the body of Pauline Mellor was transported to the morgue for autopsy. And it was at this time that some startling discoveries were made. Pathologist Dr. Derek Barrowcliffe learned that the victim's head wounds had not likely been made by a fall, but rather by someone hitting her over the head with a blunt instrument. Another thing that the pathologist uncovered was the fact that two of Mrs. Mellor's fingers were broken. These were described as defensive wounds which had occurred when the lovely redhead had thrown her hand up to protect her head.

Dr. Barrowcliffe immediately advised C.I.D. Chief Detective Superintendent Terry Light, who then sent a squad of detectives to the Mellor home for another look. The windows and door were again checked and there was no sign anywhere that there had been forcible entry. If Mrs. Mellor had truly been attacked, it was very likely that she had known her attacker and had voluntarily let him into her apartment.

Crime laboratory technicians arrived and covered every inch of the place. In the bedroom they found a very small speck of blood on the mattress. So far, that was the only clue they had uncovered.

Two of the technicians turned the mattress over and were surprised to find a much larger bloodstain on the reverse side. The forensic experts were able to tell that the blood had

only recently been spilled. Samples of it were rushed to the laboratory for grouping. Hours later the lab reported that it matched the blood taken from Mrs. Mellor's body.

Detective Superintendent Light told his men that they should now consider the case a homicide. But what bothered Light was the lack of motive. Neighbors had told investigators that Mrs. Mellor had been a happily married woman who appeared to adore her husband and was devoted to her children.

Detectives hoped now that Frank Mellor might be able to shed some light on the mystery. They learned that Frank worked full-time as a fire chief at a Rolls Royce engine factory in town. But Frank wasn't much help. He knew of no enemies who were capable of committing such a foul deed. Pauline had not appeared troubled, he said. He saw no suspicious looking characters lurking near his home before he had left for Salisbury.

Det. Supt. Light was bothered by something in Frank Mellor's makeup. Everything was just too pat. Frank was 100 miles away when his wife was murdered. A perfect alibi. But it was also possible that the alibi was a little too perfect.

Quietly, Light began a probe into Frank Mellor's life. He assigned detectives to question the man's coworkers. Another squad of investigators was sent to Mellor's military reserve unit to question his army buddies.

The information gathered at these two sources revealed an entirely different picture of Frank Mellor from the one police had at the beginning. Frank was not the devoted husband he was thought to be. He was a philanderer. He had not one but two mistresses, one of whom he promised to marry in three months even though he already had a wife. With Pauline dead his way was cleared now to marry her.

Det. Supt. Light confronted Mellor with his triple love life. The reaction was a shrug of the shoulders. He'd had secret affairs. What difference did it make to anyone? But then Light came up with another piece of news for the corporal. No one at the army base could vouch for the bereaved husband's insistence that he had spent the murder night there. The investigator asked Mellor if there was anyone who could corroborate his statement and Frank began to fall apart. He said there was, then said there wasn't anyone. He gave one version of what he had done that night, then hours later blurted out another version.

Det. Supt. Light was relentless in his probing questions. Then at last, on October 18, Frank Mellor ended the charade with the truth.

He started with his wedding to Pauline 11 years earlier. She had been a Red Cross nurse at the time but gave it up to be a housewife. Frank remained true to her only for the first two years. Then he met a dark-haired widow named Mrs. Brenda Hancox. She belonged to the Auxiliary Fire Service in Coventry. Frank spent almost every evening with Brenda and they had regular sex sessions.

Apparently, Frank Mellor had a thing for uniforms because during a military training exercise in July 1976 he met and fell in love with another woman who was also in a uniform. This one was a pretty divorcee named Mrs. Christine Kevan, 34. She was an army hospital nurse.

Frank lied to Christine. He told her he was divorced. In September 1976 they became engaged. Their wedding was set for December 17.

On the night of the murder, Mellor

Police carry the body of Mrs. Pauline Mellor out of her house. She was found dead in the tub by her youngster who called neighbors for help.

said he drove back to his apartment from the military camp to discuss a divorce with Pauline. They had made love, he said, but it had been a failure because he had been unable to maintain an erection. Pauline had berated him for it, saying that her boyfriend was much better in bed than he was.

According to Mellor, Pauline kept taunting him, saying things like: "What's the matter, aren't you through yet? My boy friend's a lot better than you are."

Mellor stated that he had been able to cope with what she had said to him, but that she had then made an announcement that had been too much to take.

Mellor claimed that his wife said, "I've been to the doctor. I'm now on the pill for my boyfriend."

Frank sobbed, "She had never done that for me, ever. I just seemed to snap."

He then told Det. Supt. Light that he grabbed a police nightstick which Pauline kept beside the bed for protection and beat her over the head with it.

A lot of blood stained the mattress, Frank Mellor stated. He then pulled her to her feet and supported her as he hustled her into the bathroom. He filled the tub and stood her in the water. Blood flowed down her face, shoulders and breasts. He tried to wash it away. She then sagged. Her head went under the water and stayed there. Blood clouded the water so that he couldn't see her face.

Mellor said he panicked. He left her bleeding in the tub. He made a wild dash back to the military base, figuring that being 100 miles away from the scene of the crime would give him a perfect alibi.

Frank Mellor's trial opened on April 25, 1977 at Birmingham Crown Court. The defendant had pleaded not guilty to the murder charge, insisting that Pauline had been alive when he left her. Prosecutor David Smout, however, told the jury of eight women and four men that "his grief when police told him about his wife's death was pure pretense. He knew she was dead because he had killed her."

Smout recounted Mellor's sexual affairs with his two mistresses and then called Mrs. Brenda Hancox to the stand. The widow stated under oath that Mellor had visited her almost every evening in the beginning of their relationship, then came to her once every two or three weeks after that. She testified that they had sex during every visit and that she maintained a coded love diary. One code read F.S.S. for "Frank Super Star."

A later witness was Mrs. Christine Kevan, who stated that she had not known that Frank Mellor had been married when she accepted his proposal of marriage. She said that he had not only committed himself to her, but also to her parents. In a prepared statement to the court, Mrs. Kevan said: "We both enjoyed our sex and he was a very considerate lover. I fell very much in love with him."

The prosecution related to the jury Frank Mellor's own words of how he had beaten his wife with a nightstick and had then tried to wash the blood off her body in the bathroom.

On April 28, 1977 the four-day trial was over. The panel retired to render its verdict. After only a few minutes of deliberation it returned with a verdict of guilty of murder.

Frank Mellor was sentenced to a life term in prison.

Ever the gung-ho soldier, Mellor straightened up in the dock, executed a smart about-face and marched out of the court to begin his punishment.

An inspection of his apartment later indicated that the man had been impressed with uniforms. His closet held an entire row of them. All were neatly pressed. There was the gold-braided uniform he wore as a fire chief for the Rolls Royce Engine Company, his army reserve uniform and his Red Cross medic uniform. (Frank had been trained to give first-aid.) Also in the closet was his security officer's uniform. He had at one time been an armored truck guard.

It was odd, too, that all of the women in his life had also worn uniforms.

Frank Mellor, in fact, is still in uniform. It's called prison grey. ●

SEX RAMPAGE OF THE CYCLE-FREAKS

(Continued from page 20)

grease in a gutter, any curbside section that looked as though old oil-leaking cars had been parked there.

They found neither. What they did uncover, though, was an informer who had dropped out of sight for a time. He was walking on North Fifth when Detective Young spotted him. "Pete," he called. "Come here."

The small, thin man shuffled toward the sleuths, bundled up against the cold. He didn't seem happy to be seen with two cops in public.

Gorham said, "Tell us something."

"You know the Oak Woods north of town?" The little man looked around. "Go there."

"What's the scam around here?"

"No scam," Pete said. "You're on the wrong block. Try North Eighth."

"Thanks."

Pete buried his chin in his coat collar and moved on. The detectives wanted to ask him where he had been for the past few months, but decided that it was better they didn't know.

They returned to their car to radio their information to headquarters. That done, they then headed toward North Eighth. Young said, "Pete always knows where the bodies are buried."

Gorham made no remark. Undoubtedly, he was thinking about the corpses of three young girls lying in shallow graves in Oak Woods, all of them looking at death much like Lori Mae Short in the hospital.

The sleuths walked the length of North Eighth before they spotted a likely house. Its wide front door was at ground level. There was one apartment above it and an alley to the left. The sidewalk directly in front of the door was stained with oil and grease, as was the gutter beyond.

Young peered through a ground-floor window. "Bikes . . . a dozen of them. They must open this door and push the bikes inside."

The detectives investigated the alley. The bathroom window was where Lori Mae had said it was. It was still open.

They squatted in front of it and listened. There was talk in the basement apartment. There was also the sound of a girl sobbing.

Young and Gorham went back to the front door and opened it noiselessly. They made their way through the maze of motorcycles and reached a set of stairs going down to the basement. They took the steps quietly and only far enough so that when they got down on their haunches they could see what was going on.

They were shocked by what they saw. Some 20 leather-jacketed men were in the room, standing or sitting on the floor. In the center was a naked girl tied to a chair. She was blindfolded. The girl, a long-haired brunette, was sobbing piteously. Whitish jism ran down the side of her mouth.

Three of the men on the floor were masturbating. They held teaspoons close to their penises. One cackled, "We're gonna feed you in a minute, honey. Just hang on."

One of the men standing said, "We're askin' for trouble. That bitch that got away . . . she's spillin' her guts to the cops . . ."

"It don't matter," another said. "She don't know where she was. Besides, she could be dead by now."

"Yeah, you're worryin' too much. Ain't nobody gonna stop us."

Another walked over to the bound girl. His hands played over her body freely. The victim sobbed, "Please . . . leave me alone."

Her tormentor stood in front of her now and fumbled with his jeans. "Come on, baby, open up. I wanta show you what we think of you women libbers."

On the stairs, Gorham whispered to Young, "Let's get some back-up."

"We don't need it," Young said, his hand reaching for his .38 Positive. "Let's stop this before I throw up."

Young fired a shot into the ceiling and yelled, *"Freeze!"*

Both detectives came down the stairs and ordered the men to lie flat on the floor, arms spread. There was no resistance. The suspects were tossed and found to be clean of weapons.

Young untied the girl and removed her blindfold. He wrapped his overcoat around her. He then stood guard over the gang while Gorham took the girl out of the house and radioed for back-up.

Minutes later the girl was treated at a nearby hospital. The suspects were formally charged with kidnapping, rape, sodomy, assault and related charges. Three days later murder was added when the bodies of three young women were unearthed in Oak Woods. Autopsies indicated that these victims had been starved to death. Stomach contents revealed that they had been fed large quantities of sperm, which undoubtedly permitted them to live somewhat longer (due to the caloric content of sperm.)

Lori Mae Short has recovered from her ordeal and is on her way back to health. She has agreed to see a psychiatrist who may or may not remove the terrible bitterness which has warped her personality.

The sordid gang's last victim has recovered and will testify against the men when they go to trial.

It must be assumed at this stage of the investigation that the men so charged are innocent until they have been proven guilty in an American court of law. •

Editor's Note: This is the first time in our history that a gang had resorted to such vileness. Researchers have not been able to find a precedence. When this ugly story broke in the newspapers, residents of that city were stunned. It was thought that the suspects would be lynched for their atrocious behavior.

For this reason, we thought it wise to change the name of the city involved, and also the names of all of the participants involved, including the detectives who worked diligently to bring the case to its successful conclusion.

We see no reason to bring embarrassment to anyone.

THE BOSS WAS SENTENCED TO DEATH

(Continued from page 48)

million dollars, but those who knew him well pegged Hoffa's personal fortune as high as 12 million dollars.

Despite his personal power, Hoffa lost it all in the period of four years. Between 1967 and 1971, Hoffa was jailed, traded his union presidency for parole and had been prohibited from union activity.

Almost immediately after leaving jail in March 1971, he started his comeback to regain union power, first with appeals to the Justice Department to lift his restraints, then in the courts. He met secretly with leaders of local Teamster unions across the country. It was a battle that was to cost him his life.

Removing the parole restraints became an obsession with Hoffa. He brought suit against the Attorney

General, charging that he was being deprived of making a living. He also charged that Fitzsimmons had conspired with Colson, Dean and others in the Nixon White House to write the restraints, but to withhold them from his knowledge until he had left prison.

While the suit dragged on in the courts, Hoffa vainly sought to hold his former political support among Teamster officeholders who, as delegates, decide Teamster presidential elections.

Hoffa was like a politician out of office. He needed a platform to keep him in the public eye until he could legally run again for Teamster office. At this point, he decided to finance a prison-reform group, known as the National Association for Justice. He served as the organization's premier lecturer and TV attraction. He spoke at universities and other forums on behalf of prison reform. But this was merely a cover, enabling him to meet quietly with Teamster rank and file members, local leaders and trucking employers to keep him abreast of what was happening within the union.

During his travels around the country, Hoffa learned that, in his absence, the National Master Freight Agreement had been jeopardized. Under Fitzsimmons, the power that Hoffa had once centralized had reverted back to the regional Teamster leaders—some with crime families backing them. Without control from the top leadership, sweetheart deals burgeoned, with the underworld gaining tremendous profits. From five percent, under Hoffa's rule, sweetheart operations had climbed to an estimated 50 percent of all truckers' contracts in the New York-New Jersey area, as one example.

Hoffa was determined to stop sweetheart contracts, but he was hindered by the stringent 1974 pension-reform law Congress passed to stop the rampant pension-fund lending of the past. Thus, Hoffa lost the key method he had used to pay off the Mafia.

The old firebrand had to make a critical decision: He had to choose between the Teamster rank and file and the mobs. To keep a bargain he made with the Mafia during the Depression, he would have to stand aside powerless and silent, as his members were victimized and the master agreement smashed.

But the underworld distrusted Hoffa and had reason to believe he would not stand aside compliantly. With Hoffa in prison, business for the crime families had been terrific. Now that he was out, Hoffa meant trouble and less profits. The mob feared that Hoffa would blow the whistle not only on sweetheart deals but also other matters. Hoffa knew where all the bodies were hidden. He was a threat just by being alive.

Hoffa's involvement with the underworld started in the 1930s. His father, a coal-mine drill operator, died when the future union leader was seven, leaving a penniless widow and four children. Hoffa quit school after the eighth grade.

At the age of 16, he had a sometime job as a crate handler in a Detroit food-chain warehouse. Firings were so frequent that hungry men formed lines at night waiting for an opportunity to fill a fired man's shoes.

Hoffa shrewdly played on worker desperation to form a union. He went on to become an organizer for a Teamster local. In addition to company police and strikebreakers, he had to contend with the Mafia. He formed an alliance with the Purple Gang—the Mafia's rival in Detroit—to prevent the Mafia from beating up his organizers. During the ensuing street battles, several Mafia soldiers were killed. Hoffa was seized and taken before a Mafia court.

"During the 'trial,' Hoffa was sentenced to death. But with the personality and negotiating skill that was to take him to the top of the Teamsters in the future, Hoffa persuaded his Mafia judges that he was worth more to them alive than dead. He convinced them he could put union power at their disposal. His eloquence probably saved his life that day.

It is not known exactly what was said or undertaken on either side. However, one thing is clear; a bargain had been struck. In return for future services, Hoffa would have both his life and new and powerful friends backing him.

Hoffa kept the bargain for more than three-and-a-half decades. When he decided to become a reformer, the Mafia decided that Hoffa's usefulness to them was over.

Until Hoffa's killers are convicted, one can only speculate as to who murdered Hoffa and how. But the question of why he died can be answered now. The Mafia feared that Hoffa threatened to break his bargain with the Mafia—to link union power with mob power. ●

MURDER ON ICE: PUNK ROCKERS ROB BANK, RAPE TELLER

(Continued from page 41)

for his whereabouts on February 25. Although he claimed he was innocent, he did reveal to his interrogators that he sometimes delved into small-time criminal activities and that he hoped to make it big in the pop music field.

Evidence continued to pile up. The most startling breakthrough of the entire case occurred three days later. A frightened young 14-year-old boy, Roger Atwater, showed up with his weeping mother in the office of Superintendent Morris.

Young Atwater was dressed in a tight denim outfit ablaze with patches some of which bore swastikas, and from his ear dangled a safety pin in the manner of an earring. He wore close-cropped hair and walked with a decided swagger.

After several moments of uneasy silence, Jennifer Atwater said in a hoarse whisper, "Well tell him. Get it over with. Tell him exactly what you told me!"

"Like I said, Maw, we didn't have nothin' to do with it. Nothin' at all. David did everything. We just watched. Last week, when he got the idea, we all thought he was just carrying on. We thought it was just a great giggle.

"But I guess he was serious. He said we could buy all the equipment we needed for the band — then we could really make the big time! After he robbed the bank, we met him by Hendricks Alley at the edge of town. We piled into the auto.

"We were real surprised when he had a chick with him. We tried to protect her but he wouldn't listen . . ."

It was not long before Superintendent Morris broke Roger's story into a thousand pieces, and an accurate scenario of the events of that sordid evening began to emerge. The seven young men, all minors with the exception of David Walsh, had been swallowed into Britain's new wave Punk Rock scene. They laughed at all traditional values, considered their parents imbeciles, and saw no moral restrictions to prevent any action they could get away with.

On the fateful night in question, Susan Hockenhill, naked and screaming, was brutally raped by all seven young men. Then they bound and gagged her

once again and left her to freeze to death in the lonely moor.

"Didn't the fact that she was obviously a virgin make you think twice?" asked Morris in obvious disgust.

"Well, she couldn't be a virgin forever," the demented young man replied with a smirk.

Because of their youth, all of the band members with the exception of Walsh were remanded to juvenile authorities to be tried in Youthful Offenders Court. Records as to the outcome of their trial have been kept from the public as is the standard procedure in such cases.

As for Walsh, Superintendent Morris immediately authorized an in-depth investigation of the Walsh house. "I don't care if you tear every shingle off the frame," he barked into the intercom. "If necessary, take the house apart brick by brick."

Detectives immediately began their search. They checked his clothing, his rooms, closets, ripped up some floorboards and dug up sections of his backyard. When they were finished they had collected enough evidence to charge David Walsh with the murders of Ian Jebb and Susan Hockenhull.

The evidence consisted of a pair of boots found in Walsh's home. The heel pattern matched the heel print found in the blood on the floor of the Williams and Glyn's Bank.

Also found was a set of screwdrivers. One was missing. The screwdriver found at the scene of Ian Jebb's murder matched the set picked up in Walsh's home.

Fibers taken from the suspect's clothing matched the fibers which had been found on the clothing of both victims.

Under the floorboards of Walsh's home, sleuths located bank notes and coins which had been part of the money delivered to the Prestbury bank the day before the murder.

A Witness

Investigators made two other revelations at this time. They had a witness, a truck driver, who had seen a car similar to Walsh's at Gallows Hill where Susan's body had been found.

Also, near the girl's body police had picked up a slip of paper on which Walsh had written the name and telephone number of a company which he had visited in the course of his job. The handwriting on the paper matched perfectly with Walsh's sample, written at the request of the police.

Probers had another witness, a neighbor of Walsh's who said that David had told her that it would be quite easy to rob the Prestbury bank. According to her statement, Walsh had said that if he ever did rob the Williams and Glyn's Bank he would not kill anyone.

The evidence and the witnesses were devastating. David Walsh went to trial on October 10, 1977, at the Chester Crown Court. Prosecutor Nigel Fricker described the defendant's actions on the day of the crime.

"Having stabbed Ian Jebb to death, the killer did not let Susan put on her outdoor coat. She left the bank on a cold February day in only her indoor clothing.

"He met his youthful accomplices by Hendriks alley and they drove to Leek along a rough unmade farm track to what, in the summer, is a beautiful spot, but what on that day was a bleak and desolate place, and probably freezing.

"They bound her by the neck and feet and wrists, and gagged her. They took her away from the track, through a field and into another field. If by chance someone should come along the track, she could not call out because she was too securely gagged.

"As she screamed, they undressed and took turns raping her.

"She could not survive the temperatures of the night. She could not possibly survive, as her abductors must have known. Her body was found the next afternoon. She had been left to die."

Fricker added that Walsh must have suffered pangs of conscience because he had made an anonymous phone call to the police at Stockport to tell them where they could find Susan's body.

Parade Witnesses

The prosecutor then paraded his witnesses before the court and displayed the damning evidence the investigators had uncovered.

On the seventh day of the trial, David Walsh took the witness box and denied knowledge of the bank robbery, rape and the double murder. He admitted being in the bank on that day, but insisted that Ian Jebb and Susan Hockenhull had been alive and well when he left them. He stated that he had been as shocked as everyone else when he heard about the robbery-murder on the radio. He speculated that the other young men in the bank may have committed the crime and tried to implicate him out of some petty jealousy.

Walsh said he had not contacted the police when their appeals went out because he didn't think he had anything of importance to report.

He was questioned about the money found under his floorboards. His reply was that it had come from a petty credit card swindle he had been engaged in. He readily admitted that he was a small-time criminal, but insisted that he was not a violent man and could not have perpetrated the horror that had taken place at the bank.

Prosecutor Fricker charged that Walsh had committed the robbery because he was heavily in debt and wished to purchase expensive audio equipment. He had proof that Walsh had begun paying off his debts four hours after the bank robbery. Also within hours of the crime, he purchased two stereo loud speakers from a friend.

He said, too, that the defendant had had dreams of becoming a star in the music field and that he had wanted flashy clothes and big cars. Walsh, he believed, thought he could realize those dreams by pulling off a big bank haul.

The trial ended on October 20, 1977. The jury took only a short time to make up its collective mind. It found David Wash guilty of two murders and the bank robbery.

He was sentenced to life imprisonment with a recommendation that he not be released on parole until he has served at least 25 years. •

"WITH ENOUGH BOOZE AND SEX

(Continued from page 53)

The two of them chatted away for hours about old times and eventually he got around to revealing some confidential information he had about a "job" that was waiting for him. Darlene was all ears.

The ex-con spoke of a friend who was willing to part with $500. Darlene asked him what he had to do for it and her bed partner clammed up. But he did ask her if she wanted to come along.

Darlene said she certainly would like it. The pair left for the rendezvous point right away and Darlene met the ex-con's pal. She also met the pal's wife, with whom Darlene stayed while the men worked out the details of the "job."

It was then that the plucky informant found herself right in the middle of a contract killing.

By listening carefully to what was going on, she learned that the ex-con and his pal had been hired by a woman to wipe out the woman's husband, who had been a former Marine. It seemed the woman wanted him out of the way so she could marry someone else.

That was "heavy" stuff for Darlene Morrison. Conspiracy to kill was a far cry from drug dealing. Admittedly, she was nervous. She had to get out of the apartment and to a telephone as fast as possible.

Somehow, she managed to come up with an acceptable excuse. A few minutes later she was in a telephone booth talking to the cops about the plot. The only information she did not have was the time of the intended "hit."

Darlene returned to the apartment. She staved there a couple of days to avoid drawing suspicion on herself, then told the ex-con that she had to get back to work or she'd lose her job.

He bought it. She went home. For nearly a month the cops maintained a stake-out on the ex-Marine. Nothing happened. It looked as though the scheme had been called off. A week after the surveillance was lifted the former leatherneck was gunned down.

A suspect was arrested, indicted and brought to trial. Darlene Morrison was the prosecutor's star witness. Her testimony brought in a guilty verdict and the defendant was given a life term.

The girl's detective friends didn't like it. Darlene had blown her cover. She had to retire now no matter what she said to the contrary.

Darlene didn't see it that way. Her argument was that the addicts and dealers didn't know what was happening in the courts. They were too busy shooting up and dealing to bother about a murder case.

She refused to quit. She had been involved in 60 cases, most narcotics squeals. But three had been armed robbery and three had been homicides. Nearly all of the suspects Darlene had ratted on were in jail.

It had been an impressive record for an amateur. But there was something hairy about Darlene, too. Cops wondered if she displayed just a little too much zeal. She never refused a case no matter how dangerous it was, and she seemed obsessed with the idea of putting bad people out of action.

Everyone agrees now that she should have quit while she was ahead. But she didn't, and no one can change what happened to her.

The caper she found herself in took place on March 7, 1977. She was in a car with two men. One of them was Jack Finn, 37, of Enid, Oklahoma. The other was a 45-year-old Alabaman. Both had criminal records. The purpose of the ride was to pull a heist in the affluent section of town.

Darlene's connections heard that a certain house held $100,000 in jewelry. And the owner was in Florida on vacation. There were no burglar alarms, no complicated locks. A perfect set-up.

The driver stopped the car. He and Finn got out. Darlene stayed with the vehicle. In a little while the men came out of the posh home with a color television set, a mink coat and some other stuff Darlene couldn't see because it was dark. Apparently, there was no jewelry.

But the haul was a good one and the men were only moderately disappointed that they hadn't found the gems. They asked Darlene to hold the loot until they located a fence. The lovely stoolie agreed.

Later that night, with the loot in her apartment, she notified the cops. Darlene gave them the burglars' names and within a day or two both were apprehended.

The burglary squad figured it had a good case. The evidence was in their possession—the mink and the TV. They had an eye-witness, Darlene Morrison, and the clincher would be the owner's identification of his property.

But problems developed. The owner could not positively identify the stolen merchandise as his. Jack Finn and his cohort claimed they had never seen Darlene Morrison in their lives.

The two suspects were indicted on the charge, then freed on $10,000 bail.

Jack Finn promptly skipped.

On April 23rd, Darlene and a few friends were sitting in a tavern booth over drinks. A stranger came in and sat on a stool where he could watch the police informer. He watched her so intently, in fact, that Darlene was nervous. She got up and went over to him.

Nobody could hear what was said, but she stayed there with the guy for almost an hour. When she returned to the booth she told the others that he was a "hit man" from Chicago and that was here to do a job for someone.

Nobody thought much of what she said because they assumed that Darlene was overdramatizing a bit. The next evening she was at home with a friend when the stranger telephoned and asked her to meet him at the same tavern. He wanted her there right away. Darlene told her friend. She checked her watch, adding that if she was not back in one hour she was to call the police.

Her friend tried to convince her that she was foolish to go. Darlene would not hear of it. She left.

An hour later, the friend called the police. Cops rushed to the tavern, but the girl was not there. A massive search got underway. Darlene was not found. Days passed. Every detective who had worked with Darlene Morrison knew the kind of risks she had taken, and now had a gut feeling that she would never be seen alive again.

Jack Finn and his associate were scheduled for trial on May 15. Both showed up. But the prosecutor had lost his eye-witness. Darlene was missing. Without her, and without a positive ID from the owner of the merchandise, there was no case. It was thrown out

Ten days later a corpse was found in a wooded area outside of town. It was Darlene Morrison. She wore a black slip and her dark blouse had been pulled down and bunched up around her left arm.

She was found face down. Her curly blonde hair was hardly disturbed.

They finally got her. Maybe she knew it was coming and decided not to fight it. A phone call could have gotten her out of her jam. But maybe she didn't want to continue any longer. Maybe the doctor gave her some really bad news about herself. Maybe she'd had her fill of sleeping with trash to get information. Nobody knows why she walked into a death trap with her pretty blue eyes wide open.

All we know is that police informers don't get any formal recognition from the departments they work for. There are no medals, no banquets, not even gold watches.

Darlene never got anything, either. Except the satisfaction of putting creeps away. Fact is, if anybody ever tried to hand her medal for her work she'd probably tell him what he could do with it.

But Gulf View is cleaner now. That's what the cops say. Darlene did it, almost alone.

That's her eulogy. Everybody who knew her would say that she would not have asked for anything more than that. ●

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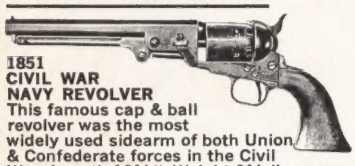

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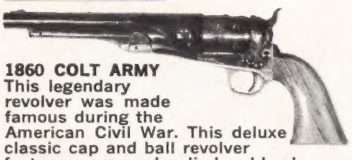

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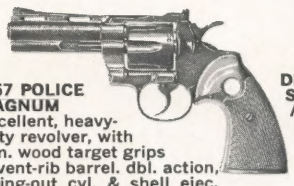

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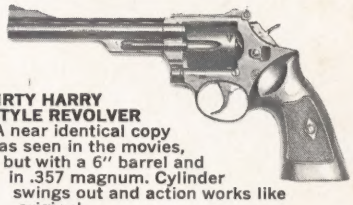

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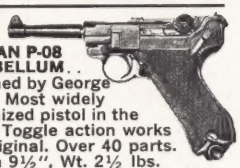

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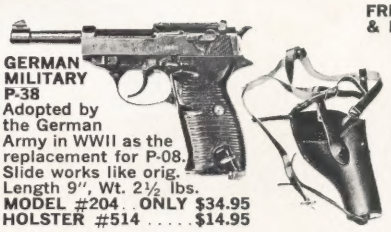

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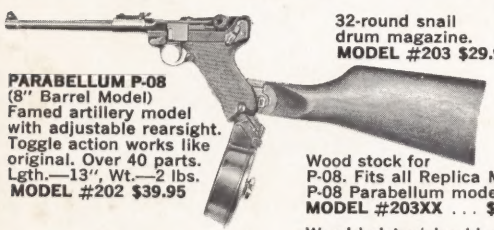

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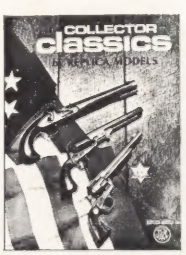

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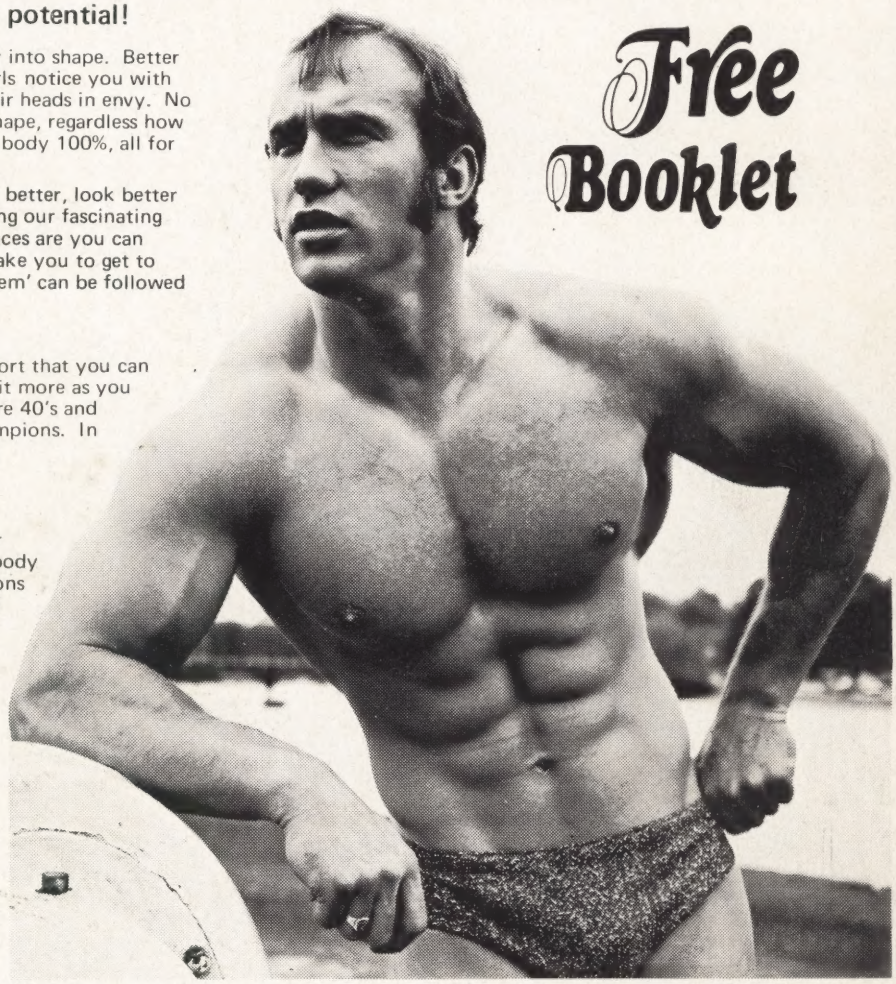

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